

25 cents

Joe Mitchell Chapple's

Nov.-Dec. 1932

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY IN BETHLEHEM

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

THE LOVE THAT FAILED

THE TREASURE OF HALF-MOON ISLAND

HOW THE ENGLISH ARE GOVERNED

YOUTH AND TOMORROW

WHAT'S GOING ON IN BROADWAY THEATRES

"For Unto You Is Born This Day . . ."

The supreme birthday story of all history ever chronicled for human eyes to read on through the centuries is recorded in Holy Writ. In the second chapter of Luke, verses 7 to 14, is depicted a scene of surpassing universal dramatic human interest. The time is now known as Christmas; the place is the little town of Bethlehem. An inspiring diadem of stars preceding the dawn with angel heralds, clusters about the lonely manger. Humanity and divinity join in a chorus proclaiming that joy has come to the world. This vivid scene was the glorious prelude of a heavenly drama and remains the inspiration and hope of Christian civilization.



ND she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angels of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

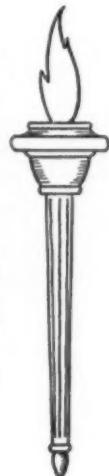
And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, good will toward men."



IN the letter files of The NATIONAL MAGAZINE is the following letter received some time ago from Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, now president-elect of the United States. It conveys the spirit of the never-changing, ever-recurring Christmas-time that continues merrily on through the years, bringing hope to the discouraged and good cheer to all.

MY DEAR MR. CHAPPLE:

The true measure of any man can best be taken by testing the intensity and warmth of his affection for children and his interest in the concerns of his fellowmen. These qualities are more easily discoverable at Christmas-time than any other period. Christmas always offers the opportunity to demonstrate kindness, benevolence, brotherhood and good-will.

To you Editor Chapple, and all of your readers A Merry Christmas and wishes for unbounded success during the New Year.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Christmas is a time when the angel of our better natures comes closer to us. There is a sort of tenderness in the letters written in the glow of Christmastide and something that seems holy reflects a touch of the divine kindness in the greetings. It is the season when children come first in our thoughts, but it is also a time when the kindly spirit recalls reverently and tenderly the aged in their tragic loneliness.

You cannot think of mean and evil things during Christmas-time any more than you can look into the face of flowers and hate with bitter thoughts. All manner of human communications in this season have that one touch of kindly nature that makes the whole world kin.

The lofty spirit of good cheer associated with the customs and traditions of Christmas has successfully met all the challenges of the centuries. Despite the economic upheaval in the world, the candles will glow and cheery voices will ring out;

the carols will continue as they have year after year in every Christian land since the lowly Babe was born in the blue dawn at Bethlehem.

With the government of Russia officially defiant, the Orient indifferent and even Christian nations in an ugly mood toward one another, through international wrangles over debts and world depression, the observance of Christmas in 1932 will continue to mellow hearts and soften the hard lines of life, as it has in the past. Giving and gratitude will go on; graces divine replacing the pronounced onslaughts on Christmas ideals from within and without. The herald of Christmas sends a clarion call triumphant, summoning the legions of the cross to gather around the Christmas trees with innumerable crusaders of good cheer and good will.

The NATIONAL MAGAZINE joins the chorus in wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

LIN THE early morning of November ninth, Washington awoke to the definite realization of a new president-elect—a new Congress chosen—a new Senate elected. The slate was wiped clean for a change in the executive and legislative branches of government. This sweeping change of governmental power occurred within a few hours, without a ripple of excitement apparent on the surface of the capital city and no armed disturbance among the one hundred and twenty millions of American people and fifty million voters. Orderly and effectively, a peaceful revolution in American affairs took place in a battle of ballots. The dome of the Capitol, bathed in electric light by night and sunshine by day appeared as serene as a May morning. There wasn't even an extra flutter of the flags over the Executive Mansion to indicate that a new leaseholder had been scheduled to take up the reins of Uncle Sam's affairs on March fourth, 1933. Franklin Delano Roosevelt will be the thirty-first individual to become President of the United States, which will repeat the name of Roosevelt in the list of Chief Executives of the U. S. A. The Empire State will rival the old Bay State in furnishing two native sons as president with the same family name.

* * * * *

WHEN Franklin D. Roosevelt came to Massachusetts in the exciting days of the campaign of 1932 there were stirring memories of student days at Groton and Harvard. The picture here presented was taken on his visit to New England and reflects the buoyant boyishness of his campaign which was one of confident expectancy in the days following the June convention when he flew to Chicago to receive the

good news. Mrs. Roosevelt made her first trip after election to Boston to visit her son, James Roosevelt, who is in the insurance business, but has been most active in the campaign for his father, both in the primaries and the later campaign. There will be a family group of sons, daughters, grandsons and granddaughters assembled at the White House after March fourth to continue the American traditions of home life at the Executive Mansion.

* * * * *

CONSIDERATION compels some editors to leave the President-elect a few appointments to select for himself without editorial wisdom imposing itself upon his generous nature.

In the list there comes to me first the picture of a man rather small in physique, but mighty in dynamic power, with kindly brown eyes and mellow voice. On his shoulder he carries a level head. During the World War I saw much of Newton D. Baker. He came to Washington from Ohio after a vigorous and active political experience, carrying on the battles of the late Tom L. Johnson. In every test he never seemed to lose his sense of proportion. Although classified as a pacifist, once a state of war was declared he made a trip to Europe and established a record as a live-wire Cabinet officer.

The boy born in Martinsburg, W. Va., son of a doctor who was a Confederate veteran, began his life holding the lantern in the cabins visiting the sick and distressed with his father. His decision to become a doctor was changed after he met Woodrow Wilson as a fellow-student at Johns Hopkins. This acquaintance ripened into a life friendship. When he appointed General Pershing com-



President-elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the president-elect, is both a schoolteacher and an editor. When the Roosevelt family takes over the Executive Mansion at Washington, she will give up her teaching for the time being, but will continue her editorial work. Mrs. Roosevelt is one of the few first ladies who have continued working every day when their husbands have obtained high positions in the political world.

mander-in-chief of the A. E. F., he called him to his office and looking at the square-faced soldier, covered the whole situation in concise words:

"Take charge of our combat troops in France and direct the fighting. The second order will be 'Come back.' Between the two you will receive no directions of a military nature. You are in command."

* * *

ANOTHER West Virginia lad who has been eminent in the affairs of the Democratic party, conceded to be well-qualified for cabinet honors is John William Davis. Soon after he was elected to Congress, I met him in Washington. It was generally agreed by the wise ones that he was one of the new members who would make his mark. He became Solicitor General, but was soon promoted to the Ambassadorship to Great Britain by President Wilson. Upon his shoulders fell the mantle of leadership as a candidate for president in 1924 at the historic convention at Madison Square Garden. Eventually he captured the classic "Twenty-four votes for Underwood" which heralded that long-continued roll call.

* * *

MY FIRST interview with Owen D. Young (also a memory of war days) impressed me, although he was then in work that scarcely suggested public service. He was untangling the snarls of corporations in "trouble corners" and making adjustments. Later in a quiet, modest way he responded to the call to public service. To look into his kindly dark eyes and to see him unfold his long legs as he rises from the desk, grapples an intricate proposition and deliver a clear, lucid conclusion in one sentence while crossing the room, indicates how well he understands the complexities of human relations. As a Cabinet member, Owen D. Young is bound to do his part in making the administration successful.

SILENT as a sphinx and serene as a summer day, Colonel Edward M. House looms in the personnel that will be identified with the new administration in Washington. He was credited with having helped to name the Wilson cabinet. In the tense hours prior to the announcement of the official family of the Chief Executive in 1913, all eyes were focused upon the news associated with an opinion and the movements of the quiet man from Texas. Statements were lacking but action came quickly, following the nod of Colonel House's approval—why waste words? Like former President Calvin Coolidge, the Warwick and president-maker from the Lone Star State has established a reputation for knowing what not to say. His book of remembrances provides about the only public guide to the workings of a mind that has grappled and solved many knotty political problems of the Democratic party.

I have seen Colonel House in the quietude of his study at his summer home, making plans that reach out many years ahead. Walking down the Rivoli in Paris with him one day during the war, he made a prophetic remark that I never can forget:

"Our nation's greatest problems are coming—after the war."

* * *

ADDED to many previous honors associated with international affairs, Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, former assistant secretary of the navy, has been appointed a member of the International Loan Commission. His familiarity with the details following the previous adjustment of the loan and his personal knowledge of men and affairs in Europe will serve him well in meeting the delicate situation that appears at this time. Mr. Wadsworth has also served as member of the General Court of Massachusetts and was very active in public affairs during the World War, at the time the foreign loans were made.

* * *

ANAME familiar in the annals of the Democratic party is Bernard Mannes Baruch. After seeing him meet his beautiful silver-haired mother on his return from Europe, I saw the tender and human side of Barney Baruch that explains his unflagging solicitude for those who struggle and suffer. Like Newton D. Baker, he also is the son of a surgeon in the Confederate Army. A graduate of Williams College, he had much to do with the International Institute of Politics at Williamstown.



Newton D. Baker who will probably be among Roosevelt's new cabinet officers

HARRIS & EWIN
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A member of the New York Stock Exchange for many years, he has made a life study of economic subjects and has served on many important boards and commissions in Washington.

* * *

ALTHOUGH his name does not yet appear in "Who's Who," James A. Farley, the efficient chairman of the Democratic National Committee, will likely be named Postmaster General. This is the cabinet position that usually attends to the political "trouble corner" and swings the axe for removals and appointments.

His work in the campaign proved that he has a keen knowledge of mass psychology. As a political impressario it must be conceded that James Farley knows just how to run the presidential campaign show and have everything adjusted for impressive effects and victorious results. He certainly has added distinction to the official title of Boxing Commissioner of the State of New York. I believe that no other man is better fitted for this cabinet position than James A. Farley.

* * *

IT SEEKS appropriate to give a thought to the President who proclaimed Thanksgiving Day, 1932, observed with the same hope and steadfastness with which he has met the problems of four, long, trying years. He has called his successor to the White House, an unparalleled precedent, to give him all the help that he can for the trying days ahead. The spectacle of President Hoover and President-elect Roosevelt meeting together in patriotic accord in the White House where Lincoln worked is most significant, after the bitter political upheaval.

How much every man, woman and child of our country have to be thankful for that he lives in a land where prayer, thanksgiving and amity are acclaimed as specific obligation of citizenship.

Under the mellowing influence of this holiday the bit-

terness of election campaigns are submerged in the larger conceptions and ideas of what it all means to be an American citizen. God hasten the day when we can banish temper and vanity from the hearts of the people, from the legislative deliberations, from business and industrial activities, and vocational and social pursuits, supplanting it with joy and thankfulness for the growing friendliness and understanding that will one day make the whole world kin, and bring a great universal Thanksgiving time for all human kind, and reiterate the ideal that came at Bethlehem: "Peace on earth, to men of good will."

When Herbert Hoover hands the reins of government to President-elect Franklin Roosevelt on March fourth next there will retire from political circles at least for the time, one of the hardest working and most unappreciated men to hold the highest public office. That Hoover did his work well, under the most discouraging circumstances, is unquestioned. With a hostile senate and house to contend with, with the worst depression in history to battle, our President has proven himself to be a master. Although he is today unappreciated, historians will be more kind to him than were the people who last month voted him out of office.



President Herbert Hoover



Owen D. Young may have a portfolio in Roosevelt's cabinet

ONE decision in the matter of Nobel prizes that has met with universal approval is the award made to John Galsworthy in 1932. The name is one that attracts like a magnet on the printed page, for his admirers are partisans. In Galsworthy, readers recognize a genius who is able to define those subtle feelings and emotions on which the average author fumbles or generalizes. The essence of concentration, Galsworthy's novels cluster around characters that seem somehow related to the one Forsythe Family group, typifying the human family. The Nobel Prize winner cast his characters and selects atmosphere not far from his own hearthstone. He finds his material included in a small group of humans. Years ago a questionnaire among congressmen and senators revealed that John Galsworthy was the most popular novelist among the solons at Washington, and yet he seldom discusses politics. That was at the time his "Silver Spoon" appeared. My first meeting with Galsworthy was while he was rehearsing one of his plays. I had also witnessed George Bernard Shaw giving his last word on one of his plays. The contrast was impressive.

Honoring the Name of Governor Bradford

One of Boston's newest and finest Hostelries christened in an Appreciation of the Fame of one of the sturdy leaders of Pilgrim Fathers

A hotel christened "Governor Bradford" in Boston would logically be a tribute to one of the Pilgrims, but I felt a thrill of discovery to find the name of the Colonial governor of Massachusetts perpetuated in one of the most luxurious and perfectly appointed hotels in the country.



The Lobby of the Hotel Bradford

The building itself contains more than five hundred thousand Moresque face bricks on the exterior. The entrance glorifies the threshold of the Plymouth log cabin. It is supported by two pillars of Monte Aurato marble which was quarried in the inner mountain regions of South America and because of lack of transportation and the geography of the country, it was necessary to ship them on mule back to the coast port of Rio de Janeiro. The marble arrived in Boston to be cut, and was found to be so hard that special tools had to be provided to cut it—counted a symbol of solidity and endurance.

From the spacious lobby to the roof garden there is a blended harmony in decoration and ornamentation, simple though luxurious, that makes one feel that he is indeed participating in the honors given to the memory of a celebrated first American.

The lobby, adorned by an impressive portrait of Governor Bradford, is done in the Renaissance Roman type. The walls are made of Roman Travertine marble and the columns and pilasters are Botticino marble. These were imported from Italy. The floor is grey Tennessee marble. The ceiling is an exact replica of one in a room of the Massimo delle Colonne in Rome, the original having been executed in 1535.

This impressive lobby opens into the Lobby Salon on the ground floor. The decorations of this room have a modernistic touch, blending with a ceiling aglow with

the rich ornamentation surpassing that of the castles which the Puritans left behind in merry old England. This ceiling was taken from another room in the Palace of Massimo delle Colonne. The room itself is paneled with onyx and silver mirrors, and the fixtures and chandeliers are of wrought iron and of the Renaissance period, while the dance floor is in black. There is a baby console pipe organ, and the seating capacity is six hundred.

Over the entrance of the Lobby Salon are murals representing the eternal principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, work of Carroll Bill and Sally Cross Bill, famous Boston artists.

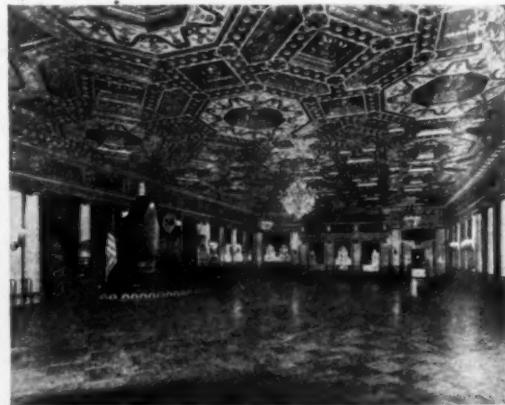
The Courtyard Cafeteria below the Lobby Floor is done in Spanish style and brings one to the patio of some far distant hacienda. Here diners gather for a midday lunch.

On the Mezzanine floor of the Hotel there are three private function rooms, two of them, the Mezzanine Lounge and Ladies' Writing Room, are of Stuart period, with hand-molded ceilings, open fireplaces, and the rooms are paneled from floor to ceiling with stained glass casement windows, being replicas of rooms in Haddon Hall, England. There is also the Adam Room, so called because it is an Adam type room, the style for which Robert Adam and James Adam of England were renowned in the year 1700. The Adam brothers are credited with bringing back to England from Rome, the classic revival of that period. This room will accommodate one hundred and fifty for meetings and one hundred for banquets.



The Cascades

The grand ballroom, the largest in Boston, where three thousand people may be seated, is an assembly or banquet hall unsurpassed in magnificence. It has already been the scene of many large and notable banquets, and occupies the third and fourth floors. It is also an Adam type of architecture and is equipped with public address system which makes a speaker's normal voice audible in every part of the room. It has a large stage, motion picture projection room, radio control room, Concert Grand Pipe Organ and two spacious lounges at the head of the grand stairway leading up from the lobby of the Mezzanine Floor which provides unsurpassed facilities for all sorts of gatherings. The grand staircase leading to the Ballroom is of grey marble, suggesting the color Priscilla Alden wore



The Grand Ballroom

when courted by the modest John. The walls are of Roman Travertine marble and the columns and pilasters are Botticino marble.

Looking out from the spacious Cascade Roof on the fifteen floor, guests have an entrancing view by night and by day of the harbor into which Governor Bradford sailed. Rain or shine one can imagine one's self beneath the sky amid the singing waters of the Cascades. The sky line of the city and harbor, Blue Hills to Boston Light, and westward across the Charles River on the airplane trail of Paul Revere. Delicious food, cooling breezes, enchanting music, sparkling entertainment—here is the scene of Boston's smartest and most popular "dining out" rendezvous.

The main kitchen is located on the roof which insures a service that carries on the best culinary traditions of dining in New England, where it is possible to serve "piping hot", with that quiet and dignified grace which is the dream of every host and

(Continued on page 243)

Floyd Starr's Boy Commonwealth

The Graphic Story and Tribute to the Work of One Man in making Citizens out of Problem Boys Whom others had given up as hopeless because of Wayward Complex

OME thirty-eight years ago, after hearing some guests in his parents' home relate the story of a philanthropist having adopted fifty boys, a bright boy of four opened wide his big blue eyes and with a determined look informed his father—"When I am a man I am going to adopt bad boys."

His father laughed and said—"I am afraid you are a dreamer," and ridiculed him, as did his older brother and other members of his family. This square-jawed, determined youngster said no more but continued to dream all through school and college days. Never again did he venture to tell a living soul of his dream. College days almost over. His classmates were discussing their careers. One young man did not enter the conversation but when asked, mastering all his courage and enthusiasm, once again expressed his desire to salvage human souls. What a laugh this brought forth! They said he was a dreamer, an idealist, and most of them expressed the thought that the man who said *there are no bad boys*, was, to say the least, altogether too optimistic.

At last the day came. Floyd Starr, the idealist and dreamer, was ready to start his great work. A graduate of Albion College, with two years' business experience to his credit, he felt ready for the great task ahead. His finances consisted of a few thousand dollars and a small farm in Michigan. Here he started with three boys, poor financially, but with the richest gift of Heaven—good health, magnetism, personality, and love for all the universe—so-called bad boys in particular. He was more than a millionaire in faith and understanding.

This was some eighteen years ago. It was not many years, however, before the school had outgrown Mr. Starr's capacity to handle financially with the great demand for his influence with delinquent boys there was but one thing to do, and in 1913 Mr. Starr incorporated the school, turning over every dollar he had in the world to the institution, making himself as poor as the poorest boy who ever comes under his loving care.

The school has since been supported by contributions from people interested in the welfare of our youth who, like Mr. Starr, believe that *there are no bad boys*: that the apparent badness which brings them before the juvenile courts is largely the result of environmental conditions. They have no one who loves and believes in them. Their parents, if they be living, are perhaps uneducated or even in our penal institutions; are cold, unsympathetic and

always ready to believe their children guilty of all sorts of misdemeanors.

Were their lives not reconstructed by Floyd Starr—spiritually, mentally and physically—they would no doubt swell the number of our kidnappers, racketeers and other criminals.

The capacity of this school has now reached the hundred mark, and has turned out several hundred cultured citizens with high ideals, who are a credit not only to the Starr Commonwealth but to the communities in which they have located.

One has but to meet "Uncle Floyd", as he is affectionately called by his boys, see his radiant face as he tells the story of the lads who come under his constructive influence to know the deep love in his heart for each and every one of these once unfortunate youth—who are now fortunate indeed to have come to this wonder-worker whose heart holds a father's love for all of them.

One is filled with admiration and can catch, in a small degree, the inspiration this generous giver of love puts into his work, and which eventually is reflected individually in the lives of the boys.

With the determination of his youth, and faith multiplied by years of association with so-called bad boys, Uncle Floyd says more emphatically than ever, *there are no bad boys*,—when they are given a chance. In this world crisis we must in some way keep every boy in the Starr Commonwealth. Never before have our youth needed a chance to become real men more than today.

Never before has the Starr Commonwealth been in greater need of moral and financial support. No gift is too small. Will you help them?

The Starr Commonwealth is non-sectarian. All boys must be mentally normal (many are above normal) but have gotten the wrong start from the cradle.

The following letters tell what educators, judges and women of prominence interested in child welfare, who have investigated the Starr Commonwealth, think of Mr. Starr and his work.

*From the Governor of Michigan
To Whom It May Concern:*

It has not been my privilege to visit the Starr Commonwealth. However, I am familiar with the tremendously worth-while work which this institution is doing for Michigan. Its service is unique and altogether worthy of commendation and support.

It is my belief that the majority of people in Michigan recognize this school as a very valuable contribution to the character-forming agencies of our greater commonwealth.

Certainly it deserves the encouragement of all who are interested in man-building enterprises.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) Wilber M. Brucker

I have had the pleasure of visiting the Starr Commonwealth for Boys. I also have had the pleasure of talking to these bright eyed little fellows. The Starr Commonwealth is doing magnificent work. This philanthropic institution is worthy of the highest commendation. No boy can become a member of the Starr Commonwealth and successfully resist its uplifting influences. High ideals and efficiency are its characteristics.

Floyd Starr, the soul of this institution, is worthy of the admiration and the encouragement of all humanitarians.

Woodbridge W. Ferris
United States Senator

Mr. Starr is doing a wonderful work, in fact, I know of no greater work in this country or any other place. He has an uncanny ability for reclaiming into good citizenship boys who have sort of gotten off on the "wrong foot," most of whom come from broken homes etc.

Charles A. Sink
Michigan State Senator

May I take this occasion to again commend you on the work of the Starr Commonwealth for boys. In my opinion, there is no institution in this neighboring state which is doing so much for the youth of our land.

Alexander E. Ruthven, President
University of Michigan

For the last ten years I have been intimately acquainted with the work done at the Starr Commonwealth. The method introduced by Mr. Starr years ago is now receiving very general acknowledgment as a scientific and humane system of promoting personality development among boys. At no time has the institution been too large for that personal intimacy between Mr. Starr and his workers and the boys concerned. I know of no other institution in the country that is doing as conspicuous a piece of work in such an admirable and well-timed way as the Starr Commonwealth. It takes boys who are normal mentally, but whose energy has been directed in the wrong channels, and by very fine educational technique, personal attention, and fellowship with worthwhile things, in an atmosphere of honest toil, constructive leisure and dignified worship creates these boys into fine citizenship material.

W. W. Whitehouse, Dean
Albion College

I want to make a serious complaint

against your institution. It is not large enough. So many wonderful examples of your finished product came under my observation that some years ago I was led to visit the Commonwealth and get some first-hand ideas as to just how you worked those apparent miracles, and after seeing the "before and after" of your accomplishments, I came away with a prayer that God might bless you and your school.

The building of character is a great thing but the rebuilding of character, after a moral breakdown, is still greater and more worthy of praise and admiration.

John F. Quinlan, *Judge of Probate*

I first became interested in your School in 1913, when I was Sheriff of this County, and I was not in office very long until I came to realize the need of an institution such as the *Starr Commonwealth for boys*. I began to see the class of men and boys that I had to deal with were those that came from churchless homes, broken homes, schoolless homes and folks that hold no friends.

Here is another boy, and I have had three cases which actually came before us as Judge of Probate; They all came from broken up homes, their fathers dead, in each case they went to the front in the World War and today lie buried on foreign soil. The boys were turned loose on the streets, and finally come into my Court as delinquent children. They had no parents, no friends, and the only person who spoke for them were the officers, who said the only place for them is the Industrial School, and if I had not had a Christian training that is just about where they would have gone. These three boys were not bad at heart but just got a wrong start and had no friends.

Our State Schools for our youths are very good, but the number of these same boys that find their way into our State Prison tells a story which we all might well pause to consider for a moment.

When a boy comes in for the first time as a delinquent he stands at the forks of the road. If he can be properly handled and get started on the right road, he becomes a useful citizen. If he gets started on the wrong road he becomes an outlaw for life. Some advocate education as a remedy, but an educated mind without any moral or religious background becomes our leading criminal when he goes wrong.

W. E. Rasmussen,
Judge of Probate

It is a pleasure for me to tell you how highly I appreciate the splendid work which you and your Institution are doing for unfortunate boys. As you know I have been rather familiar with your activities for a number of years. I have watched with a great deal of interest your splendid developments and the fine work you have done for so many young unfortunates.

I am delighted to say that the opportunities for reclaiming boys for successful citizenship are very pronounced in your Institution. You are "hitting the problem" right at the source, so to speak. You are doing a valuable work, not only for the boys themselves but you are relieving future generations of taxpayers from the added burden

of caring for these youngsters who in most cases, if it were not for the work you are doing, would just naturally gravitate later on into some of our public penal or other institutions. I cannot commend your work too highly.

Charles A. Sink, *President
School of Music,
University of Michigan*

I regard Floyd Starr as one of the most intelligent and sympathetic students of boy problems in this country. His insight is uncanny: his judgments seem often inspired; his heart has remained tender as a father's. In spite of the remarkable expertness with which he handles the puzzling problems of his community of boys, his service has retained its original personal quality. As I have observed him over several years of acquaintance I have been amazed to see his interest remain so consistently in the individual boy. He has never apparently been diverted from his original motive of reconstructing of the boy. The one exception is the declaration of his faith in boy nature: "There is no such thing as a really bad boy." On that faith he has built up his whole system.

J. Raleigh Nelson
University of Michigan

I have been interested in this work for a number of years and have taken occasion to visit your institution and give it rather a thorough examination. It seems to me that it gives to the under privileged children almost the same advantages that private schools do for the more fortunate people. In my opinion it should have the cordial support, both moral and financial, of every person interested in the welfare of underprivileged boys.

F. L. Covert, *Circuit Judge*

Since being at your school and seeing the work you are doing and the results you have attained with your boys it has been a great inspiration to me. I feel confident if more people could see and realize just what your school is doing in the training and development of character in the boys who are privileged to enter your school, there would be greater co-operation. Please accept my gratitude and also my sincerest wishes for your success and the success of your work in building real manhood.

Ella C. Eggleston,
Judge of Probate

We believe that Mr. Floyd Starr is on the right track. Environment has very much to do with making a boy good or bad. I was talking with two boys. I asked them what they did when a new boy came in whose standards were different from those of the Commonwealth. They said that no boy would long keep the wrong standards. I wish that every boy in America might have the privilege of living in a wholesome environment such as is found at the Starr Commonwealth.

Paul F. Voelker, *President
Battle Creek College*

I am firmly convinced that there is no better place in this State, where an unfortunate or underprivileged boy can go for a few years of correction and training, and I consider the boy fortunate indeed who can be received into the Starr Com-

monwealth, when home conditions make a change imperative in his case.

As Judge of Probate I have had considerable business with the Starr Commonwealth, and have had the pleasure of visiting it. I believe it to be a most worthy institution, filling a very important place. I would most highly endorse the Starr Commonwealth, and hope it will flourish long for the good of boys who are slipping.

A. S. Butler, *Judge of Probate*

I have known of the work you have been doing for many years. From the very beginning, in fact, I have known something of it, but only recently had an opportunity to visit your school and become more fully acquainted with your plans and methods. I was certainly delighted to find that you are giving your boys such splendid opportunity for the preparation necessary to make good men and good citizens of them. It has even occurred to me that the adverse circumstances which have brought these boys under your care are really their great good fortune. Your work is certainly worthy of every possible encouragement.

With best wishes for the prosperity of your good work, I remain,

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg
Battle Creek Sanitarium

In my official capacity as Probate Judge of Grand Traverse County, I have had occasion several times to call upon the "Starr Commonwealth" to help me solve the problem of taking care of some unfortunate boy and always with good results, but I never realized what a wonderful institution it is until I made a visit there a short time ago. Such a home-like place. Each boy has individual care such as a Mother would give her son. Mr. Starr is certainly doing a great work with the boys and is entitled to much credit for what he is doing.

Fred H. Pratt, *Probate Judge*

I have known, quite intimately, the work of the Starr Commonwealth for the past 12 years. I have visited the institution often, and during this time have always had some boys from this institution in the High School. I am convinced that a wonderful piece of work is being done.

The boys are courteous, industrious, able to take responsibility; they are just wholesome, happy boys reflecting the spirit shown by boys that come from the best private homes.

Don Harrington, *Superintendent
Albion Public Schools*

I am personally acquainted with Mr. Floyd Starr of the Starr Commonwealth for Boys at Albion. His fine Christian character and magnetic personality, recognized by all with whom he comes in contact, accounts for the wonderful success he has in handling the boys who find a home under his guidance and supervision.

As Worthy Grand Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star of Michigan, representing more than one hundred thousand members, I am most happy to have the honor of sponsoring any enterprise that will benefit, in any way, the Starr Commonwealth.

N. Belle Pike,
*Worthy Grand Matron
Order of the Eastern Star of Michigan*

Youth and Tomorrow

Complete Text of Radio Address delivered by Joe Mitchell Chapple that expresses a hopeful appreciation concerning the Youth of Today and the Tomorrow in which they will live

IN these exhilarating tingling Fall days the minds of the Youth, young and old, are centered on football. In fact, everyone is thinking more or less of the great game of life.

Every living day finds us in some sort of a game or other. Existence is more or less exemplified in the sports and contests of the day. Every game illustrates life in some aspect, from the sedate checkers or dominos on to the fast-moving hockey. Baseball calls for a concentrated blend of thought and action, as in the activities of life, the bases must be run in order to make the score.

Each season has its popular games reflecting the moods of the hour. With eyes focused on football scores, and the people preparing for election bulletins, what more appropriate theme than co-operation as exemplified in team work on the gridiron.

There is a sort of partnership suggested in the very word, with that prefix "co" meaning "with."

Every success finds a unity of action somewhere among a group of individuals. They have their huddles and give their signals and then snap into action in their battle for the goal line. The presence of the great throngs impels that coordination of effort as if those eleven men were acting as one—the dream of a coach. Then comes the thrill when the dash is made across the final stripe to the goal in the precious last moments, followed by the great outburst of cheers, which in reality is the objective for which humans struggle.

Youth is nothing more than looking forward to tomorrow. Mere years do not count when the mind is fixed on the goal of some thing to achieve and bring purposes into harmony with the objectives.

Young people always want to know what is behind things as they look to their own future. They are loath to clutter themselves up with the truckloads of what is recognized as junk in the light of recent events. They keep their eye on what is doing *now*, delving more than ever into the occult—the unseen. The mighty atom, electron, are on the uncharted keyboard of the Universe.

Young people may not recognize this subtle, psychic process, but the same old resistance to restraint remains. They refuse to be fettered by first mortgages given by their elders on the houses in which they were born. They seek rather to pierce the ether of hopes, and fly to heights untold and unmeasured, physically as well as mentally. Great achievements of science are hurled at them daily over the radio, in the newspapers and magazine. The sensation of today becomes the matter-of-fact incident of to-

morrow.

On the eve of the day his eldest son was born, in a two-penny notebook in pencil by the light of a solitary candle Joseph Conrad started his masterful book, titled "Youth".

This story of a young man's first trip to the East and his first command, shipwrecked alone in an open boat, recaptures a moment of the eternal intoxication, strength and glamour of Youth. It is one of the world's greatest works of the imagination.

Every time I reread this matchless bit of literature concerning the life voyage of youth I think of my own first-born, "Loved long since and lost awhile" and what he might have had to face in life's journey. Before my mind's eye again flashes the picture of the blue-eyed, bewhiskered Joseph Conrad I had known, master author of sea life, wearing his derby hat and walking along with the rolling gait of the sturdy seaman who had weathered storms on the Seven Seas.

The mind of youth today, as I see it, consciously or unconsciously, is not altogether on the earth, for they feel that machines look down, and are to be servants rather than Frankenstein masters.

A school day incident illustrates the natural bent of Youth to express itself as is:

While instructing the class in composition, the teacher requests:

"Now, children, don't attempt any flights of fancy, don't try to imitate the things you have heard, but just be yourselves and write what is really in you."

As a result, one little boy turned in the following composition:

"I ain't goin' to attempt no flight of fancy. I am just goin' to write what's in me. I got a heart, a liver, two lungs, and some other things like that; then I got a summick, and it's got in it a pickle, a piece of pie, two sticks of candy and my dinner."

Since the advent of the airplane, "looking up" is more in vogue. Youth are now traversing the highways of the stars, and whether they realize it or not, they are coming closer to a realization of spiritual values, charting new channels of human relations. They have a perfectly logical reason for not following the bungling mistakes of previous generations that fed upon war-making and the wild pursuit of pleasures based on abnormal conditions through stimulants and drugs.

Youth has insisted it will not fight its battles along the old lines of failure, determined to clean up the wreckage and follow the lines of least resistance, refusing to recognize boundaries established by bayonets in the new era of adjustment.

The grinding wheels, creaking doors, screeching planers, with whistles, horns, the crashing contacts of this mechanistic time, are reflected even in music and art in contrast to the poetical quietude, singing birds whispering leaves, and whistling winds and other natural beauties that inspired genius in former times.

In spite of this, youth today is sensing spiritual values marking the end of a wanton reign of materialism. The Frankenstein is to be conquered and utilized for things of the mind, spirit, reason, of play, games, research, philosophy, drawing, painting,—to take its proper place of subservience in the great scheme of things.

The problem is not altogether work, for that's being done by machinery, but rather re-creation of recreation, following the age-old yearning of man to develop the mind, spirit or soul, call it what you will, that something that differentiates him from a machine, and continues man as the Master of his fate.

Even food is grown, packed, shipped and delivered by machinery. So the problem of merely feeding ourselves has become simple, and yet so difficult because of that great problem of distribution which Mr. Edward Filene has insisted occasions much of our modern troubles.

Youth is still facing the lash of necessity, but rebels against rigid machine-like military discipline of other times in the conduct of human affairs. The desire for freedom is innate to follow what natural and noble impulses prompt, away from tyrannical coercion, on to the exhilaration of life to enjoy the liberty of co-operative inclination in the pursuit of happiness.

In a cosy chat with George M. Cohan, who has recently completed his first motion picture, "The Phantom President," I heard him recite words that he wrote many years ago, "Life's a funny proposition after all," according to the boy born in Providence, who spent many of his play hours on Boston Common while his parents were on the stage at Keith's Theatre.

The voice of Margaret Deland over a nation-wide hookup on the radio recently brought cheering words from the author of "Captain Archer's Daughter" and the classic old Chester Tales. It recalled her reading of one of her unfinished novels to a Boston audience.

My first visit with Mrs. Deland at her home on Mount Vernon Street, Boston with its quaint Dutch doors and glorious jonquils of spring-time, is a treasured memory that extends on to the charms of her summer home at Kennebunkport. Her talk on the radio was a plea for the re-election of Presi-

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How the English are Governed

The Manner and Method of Government in Great Britain revealing the Quick and Decisive Power of the Electorate

By HERBERT RAMSEY

BRITISHERS are somewhat bewildered by American elections and by American legislative procedure. They are amazed and amused at the frenetic demonstrations which are staged at the party conventions for selecting a Presidential candidate and a party "ticket," and they fail to understand why the President's requests may be flatly rejected by Congress and Senate, and why the members of his cabinet merely act in an advisory and administrative capacity and are not directly responsible to the elected representatives of the nation. Britishers believe that their system of government, nominally headed by a king, is more democratic than that of the United States or any other republican government.

There are three parties in the state—the Conservatives, who might correspond to the Republicans; the Liberals, who might correspond to the Democrats, and Labor. British trade unions are organized for political purposes and run their own candidates, hence there is no analogy with American Labor which is not a political entity. The Prime Minister may be said to correspond to the position of President. The King is absolutely neutral. He is a mere figure-head in the constitutional system, although a mighty important one. He has no political power. Neither the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, nor any other member of the royal family have a vote. In that respect they are classed with criminals in jail and certified lunatics.

How is the Prime Minister selected?

Each party has its outstanding men, and when it is in power its chosen leader automatically becomes Prime Minister. It may have the same leader for a great many years, and he will be Prime Minister for just as many occasions as his party wins at the polls. The members of the party in the House of Commons, and those who belong to the House of Lords, plus a few leading partisans not in Parliament at all, hold a private meeting and choose their leader by a show of hands. It is as simple as that. Mr. Baldwin, for example was elected leader of the Conservatives after the death of Bonar Law and became Prime Minister. He has been out of office since, and he patriotically gave way to Ramsay MacDonald on the formation of the present National Government, but if MacDonald were to retire, Baldwin would automatically become Prime Minister again. The Prime Minister, or President, therefore, is not elected by the nation, but by the party caucus. In effect however, he is elected by the people, because they either elect or reject his party at the polls.

How does an election come about?

A government can remain in office for five years, or it may even extend its own life in event of national emergency as was done during the World War in 1915, but it only holds sway so long as it is not defeated in the House of Commons on a main Government measure. If it has a huge majority, as in the case of the present administration, it has no fear of being voted out, but if it has a small majority, or as is often the case, one of the smaller parties holds the balance of power, its life is in constant jeopardy and it may be defeated any time. Governments have been defeated through opponents suddenly descending upon the House in large numbers from the adjacent clubs, or even hiding in the smoke-rooms, catching the Government forces napping as it were. Government that is defeated in the House of Commons on an important clause must resign, because, theoretically, it implies that the administration has lost the confidence of the people. The Prime Minister then goes to report to the King that the Government has been defeated. He tells his majesty one of three things: that he can continue if he reconstructs his cabinet, (which is very rarely done); that his majesty should summon the leader of the largest party and ask him if he wants to take over the administration, or, as is invariably the case, recommends dissolution of Parliament. The administration may have been in existence a few months or a few years, but out it has to go.

Thus there may be, and have been, two or more elections in one year, or a little more. A political "crisis" like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand presaging a storm, brings about a general election almost without warning. Things then move with extraordinary rapidity. All parties have their machinery ready, nominations are fixed for two weeks later, and one week later the new Parliament is elected for the whole of England, Scotland and Wales on the same day. Less than a week after that the new Members of Parliament have been summoned to Westminster to be sworn in, and the new Parliament commences to legislate straight away. There is no "lame duck" session as in the United States. The people voted for each individual, there being no party "ticket," simply making up their minds on the record of the party going out, and the promises of the parties in opposition, as indicated by the speeches of the leader and his leading men during the election campaign.

The session may be opened by the King in person, who drives to Westminster in ceremonial state, and reads the "Speech from the throne" in the House of Lords.

But it is seldom that he does so, and the speech is read by the Lord Chancellor. The "Speech from the throne" is simply a brief outline of the main bills to be introduced by the Government during the session. The King, however, has nothing to do with the writing of it. It is framed by the incoming cabinet and merely represents the views of the new Government.

Meantime, before Parliament opens, the Prime Minister has selected his cabinet from the outstanding members of his party who have been elected.

The cabinet members sit in the House of Commons, or the Lords (but mainly the Commons), and they must be constantly in attendance to sponsor the bills their department brings in and defend its actions. They are bombarded with questions, written or oral, at the beginning of each day, and thus are kept constantly "on their toes." Thus, also, they are directly in contact with the elected representatives, and the people are in control all the time. That is the democratic form of British government. Back of the Ministers, and speaking frequently on their behalf, is the Prime Minister, who possibly makes the main speech in introducing a major bill.

The Prime Minister has no power of veto whatever. That, to the British mind, would be a form of autocracy alien to the principles of British freedom of government.

The House of Commons has practically unlimited power, far more than has Congress. Its acts cannot be questioned by any court and declared ultra vires. Unlike the President of the United States the Prime Minister or a member of his cabinet, initiates all legislation. If the House rejects it then there is another election. After passing third reading in the Commons, bills are sent to the upper house, but a Government defeat in the Lords does not involve an election. The power of the Lords is limited. They have no right to reject a money bill, like the Budget, and the Commons can jam a bill through which the Lords do not like, after a certain lapse of time. The Commons is the supreme authority in the matter of taxes. The power of the Lords is restricted because they are not an elected body. The upper house consists of hereditary peers, who, when they die, are succeeded by their eldest sons, peers who are created for life, and certain number of bishops of the Church of England. Many of them never go to the House at all, or very rarely.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has very little power. His main duties are to preside over the debates, call on the members as they "catch his eye," and decide,

The Treasure of Half Moon Island

The Power of a Voodoo Graphically Depicted in a Tale of the Bayous of Historic Lake Ponchartrain in Louisiana as Related in romantic setting

By HENRY RIGHTOR

THIS tale, written down word for word from the notes I made in the cabin of the "Salvador Russo," that black night twenty years ago as she lay before Spanish Fort, quietly enough in the still waters of the bayou after what we had gone through off Half Moon Island, shows once again the folly of men listening to the tales of voodoos and after buried treasure on Gulf islands during the season of equinoctial gales.

Of all the adventurous dare-devils I have ever known in my going to and fro in the earth, like the fiend in *Holy Writ*, the same Marrero was the most thorough-going. The man's blood must have been leaping like a harlequin all the time, and if I were to tell you of all the strange things that have befallen me from going with him on schooners and other craft up and down these West Indian waters and through those outlandish places in the Carib sea, likely you would be interested enough, but think I was only spinning yarns that I had thought out at nights looking up at the red and yellow stars that burn out in the hot air above those places I have been speaking of.

"Hendry," he said to me one night in that little eating house of the Widow Gonzalez, just off Congo Square, where the slaves used to frolic, "Hendry, I've got some curious information from that she-devil voodoo, Wayadi," and with that he took from his pocket a discolored piece of parchment—some kind of fish-skin, I took it to be—and spread it out on the table before him, and waved his hand at me in invitation that I look at it, and then sat back and began trying his coffee on the rim of the cup.

I leaned over and looked at it. If you've seen the curious marks the tereda leaves on old logs at the weltering edge of salt marshes, you have a fair idea of the curious characters set down on what Marrero was showing me. I'm fairly good at puzzles and know something of the writing ways of several nations, including savage peoples, but this fairly baffled me. I turned it every way. It was not rot nor mold nor accidental scratching, but clearly something set down in design; that is, with the idea of advising someone of something, but try as I could the thing was beyond me. So I pushed it back over the table to Marrero without speaking any word, only frowning slightly and pursing my lips as men do when they have nothing to say.

"That's an odd bit of chirography, eh?" said Marrero with a smile, looking down sideways at the little blue-yellow scrap on the table, "And now, since you're a hefty bit of old wreckage with a tendency to drift into unlikely waters, I'm going to tell you all about it, and if you're in for a crazy adventure down through the grass islands, why, well and good; and if you're not in for a crazy adven-

ture down through the grass islands why, well and good, too, and you're not the man to have me laughed at nor go prating about what only concerns me unless you tip me your hook and say you're in with me for better or worse till we dig out the bearings."

And with that, Marrero pushed his cup away and set both his elbows on the table and rested his lean face in his hands and sat there looking at me with his big, dark, enthusiast eyes, waiting for me to decide, as I had often known him to do before.

The matter was serious enough in its way. What Marrero's plan was, I had not the remotest idea, barring that hint he gave me about digging which seemed to indicate there was buried treasure in it; and I knew very well the man's odd way and was certain he would dismiss the matter there and then, without speaking a word further, unless I gave my unreserved assent and subscription to his still undefined plans. Now there came over me all at once thoughts of that time we had gone into the honey-combed labyrinths of Pumpkin Hill, with its bat stinks and thousand and year deposits of droppings, and the death of the ship's boy there at the mouth of the cave as we were about climbing down the fig root, and the fever that kept me on pineapples for months afterward; and I thought of the brawl that time with the blacks in Trinidad; and the eight days we spent marooned on a shell key by the Tortugas, near dying of thirst and falling into scurvy from eating of crabs and shell fishes; I thought of all these things and hesitated.

"Isn't it unreasonable, Marrero," I said, looking at him square, "to ask a man to go into something with you, without telling him what it is?"

"Isn't it unreasonable," he rejoined, echoing my words, "to ask a man to tell you something without going into it with him?"

I saw how useless it would be to argue with him, and, truth to tell, I have never been a stay-at-home, but a man rather over-fond of a rough life, and moreover there was little to keep me in New Orleans in those days if I chose to go elsewhere, and beside all of that, I could scent something of adventure in what lay under that bit of undecipherable hieroglyphics that smelt very pleasant to me.

So I lit one of those black cigars we had left over from Vera Cruz and laughed very heartily, partly to reassure Marrero, who was obviously beginning to suspect me of changing into softer material than he liked, and partly because the situation really was very amusing.

"Very well then, Marrero," said I as I blew out the smoke, "I go with you unreservedly, after one proviso."

"That proviso?" rapped out Marrero in his short, curt, Latin way, with a rising reflection.

"That the trip does not require over a month; I am going with Carlos to Maritius on his schooner in September, and I must be back against that time."

"You'll be pulling up Bayou St. John in a skiff a fortnight from to-night," said Marrero, and there and then we sealed the compact and went out to see Wayadi, the voodoo, in order that I might know as much as Marrero himself. That was his way; you were in with him wholly or out wholly; and for all those fresh-air ways which people in cities would not like, he was the best friend and the worst enemy I have ever known.

In the midst of a huddle of small houses standing among myrtles, oleanders and Spanish daggers in far Marais street, we came to the hut of the voodoo, Wayadi, and Marrero led the way familiarly through the sodden yard to a black, rain-discolored hovel standing in a thicket of wild fig trees. There was a dim light glimmering through a side window and when Marrero knocked boldly, we could hear some one leaping out of bed and striding stealthily to the door, and the next moment a rich contralto voice was asking who was there.

"Oom-a-oom-a!" answered Marrero quickly, which seemed to be a kind of password, for presently the door was thrown open and in the door, with a dying fire on the hearth-stone in the background, stood Wayadi, the voodoo.

This was one of the strangest creatures I have ever seen. She was very tall and very black, exceedingly graceful and sinuous as a snake, so that as she stood there before the dying embers of the fire with the turkey-red curtains flapping at the window and the light of the oil lamp flickering in the wind, casting grotesque shadows about the place, she seemed quite as much of an African witch as I cared to see. I noticed that there were skulls about the place and curious chests, looking as if they had been hauled up out of the sea, and in one corner of the room, strewn about in a jumbled mass of shadow, a pile of feathers and skins and strips of snake and alligator hides, together with pieces of junk and bones, and broken crosses and daggers and many other things the nature of which I could not clearly make out.

"This is the friend I spoke of," said Marrero, nodding his head at me. He spoke in the *patois*, the *gumbo* of the negroes of those parts, an odd, musical nondescript commingling of French and Spanish and Guinea and Congo. Wayadi smiled and showed her white teeth, which I saw were big and strong and ferocious, the teeth of a cannibal, and then sat down upon a mat of reeds, stirred the fire with her fingers, and then setting the lamp upon the hearth before her, jabbered away and ges-

ticulated and held the fish skin up to the light until she had explained to me, with Marrero's assistance, all that she had already explained to him.

What she said in a great many words may be set down in a few words thus: She had come down from the Cape de Verde Islands, whither she had drifted from some nigger village in Guinea, on a Scandinavian tramp which was going to Ship Island for lumber. The vessel was a worthless old hulk floating by the mercy of Providence and when it rounded the shallows about the Mississippi's mouths it had been caught in one of those treacherous gales that blow down the Gulf of Mexico in the late summer, and gone to pieces among the keys and false islands about Isle au Pitre. All the crew but one man, an old Portuguese sailor, survived, and he and she together were thrown up on a little island of muck and grass where they stayed mosquito bitten in mud up to their knees for four days when they were picked up by an oysterman. The sailor was sick unto death with marsh fever and while they were carrying him out to the lugger in a skiff he put the fish-skin into her hands and gasped out its meaning before he died. Now, it appears that the Portuguese had told Wayadi that he had been ship's boy on one of the vessels of those Barataria buccaneers, and that one time, being hard pressed off the coast, they had come up into the passes in their small craft and a pirate named Vincent Gambio had gone ashore at Half Moon Island and buried something in the muddy sand there among the mangroves. This Portuguese had been the only one to go ashore with Gambio, and that only because the pirate had to dig and the mosquitoes were so bad that he had taken the boy along to keep reeds going over him while he dug. The boy was shrewd enough to know that something was going on, but was puzzled to know how to mark the place so as to keep it in his mind, for these grass islands are as much alike from one end to the other as a stretch of railway track. But, as luck would have it, he noticed a great mahogany washed high up on the beach among the grass, and, remarking in his mind that this was probably unique in that region, I mean for a mahogany log to be washed so far from Yucatan or those other places south, through such narrow passes, he had gone ashore, quietly enough, the next day, and under pretense of throwing the net for mullets and moon fishes along shore, had taken some crude bearings of the log and traced out with India ink on a piece of dried fish skin left by the sea-birds, the curious markings the tereda and other boring sea creatures had made upon the log during its long driving and rolling from those far seas down toward the tropics. Also there were down upon the fish skin in a way I had not noticed before, a kind of tracing of the contour of the island with a cross set about a little inlet called Padre Bay, so that it would be easy enough, knowing what island of the hundreds in those parts the drawing referred to, for a man to set a skiff ashore pretty near the mahogany log if it was really there, and thereafter to trace the bunch of mangroves where the treasure was buried if that was really there, this latter being accomplished with the assistance of a clumsily drawn arrow pointing from the log toward a point northeast and indicating the

distance by suggesting that it was twice the length of the log.

"Well what are we to do?" I asked, interestedly enough, as you may well imagine, when the voodoo had got through with this strange story.

"Why, find us a schooner and go after the treasure, to be sure," replied Marrero, speaking in English, while Wayadi listened with open mouth as people do when they understand little of what is being said.

"And the conditions?" I asked.

"Oh as to that," replied Marrero, "It's as usual with you and me—half and half of gains or losses. The negress here reserves a half for her share, which I take to be reasonable enough."

"Certainly," said I, "but what puzzles me is how this voodoo should have selected you."

Marrero lit a cigarette and laughed. "That's a long story," he said out of the smoke, "which I will tell you another time. The one thing is, I'm the first man she's found in the long years she's been holding that fish skin, that she could trust."

Events showed how much a Guinea negress will trust anybody, which makes me think they are much like the Chinese and Tamil shrimpers who keep their partnership money and papers in strong boxes which can only be opened by all the partners' keys turning at the same time.

We left Wayadi's hut at midnight and went in search of a schooner, the negress skulking along behind us in the shadow of the piles of wood and shells, evidently thinking she was unobserved, though we could both see her very well as she flitted across patches of moonlight.

The "Salvador Russo," a small ten-ton schooner, very staunch and with good lines for speed, and canvases and spars in good shape, was the likeliest craft we could find in the basin at the time, and before an hour we had chartered her to sail next morning under orders. We found her captain, a big, good-natured Neapolitan, in a little drinking place, and a very few moments' talk with him satisfied us that he knew the devious Sound waters thoroughly. It was important to be assured of this for, as I have said before, these North Mexican waters are the most treacherous in the world, so that the Sicilian and Austrian oystermen and others who sail them without chart or compass through the blackest nights the Lord ever threw down upon the world, are known as the finest sailors in the sea; I mean so far as inland waters are concerned.

It was over a day's run as the winds were setting then, to Half Moon Island, so having in mind getting things in shape for an early start on the morrow, Marrero and I agreed to seek no sleep that night but go early to the Trime Market and get our supplies, looking to a comfortable bunk on the hatches as we sailed over Pontchartrain, to provide the sleep we lost. The market was all a-stir by four o'clock and by five we had our provisions aboard, enough for three weeks, including a crew of four. Marrero was careful to send aboard three heavy spades and some blasting powder, fuses and lanterns, storing these away in the cabin without arousing comment from the crew. We caught the early tow and

by seven o'clock with everything drawing high and low we were out of the bayou and sailing away at a rattling clip across Lake Pontchartrain, very merrily chattering over the breakfast of coffee, bacon and potatoes which our skipper had prepared.

As we smoked in the shade of the jib after breakfast, we had an opportunity of observing our crew. They were three besides the captain: Malovitch, an Austrian, Marandino and Spagnolo, Palermans, all very merry and picturesque looking gentry. Marrero and I looked them over and concluded that we had best keep our business to ourselves.

"If the wind puts us through the Rigolets," said Marrero, "we should make Half Moon Island by moonrise, and my plan is to anchor a quarter mile off the grass and you and me go ashore in the skiff and get at this business as soon as possible. It's going to be hard digging through the roots and concreted shells, and with these black clouds overhead and the season of equinoctials coming on, it's as well to get through and back as soon as possible."

To this I assented and we rolled over on the hatches and slept out the rest of the voyage. Along in the night the captain came tugging at my sleeve and I woke up and saw the moon riding high, and, over our starboard quarter the gray, mysterious line of Half Moon Island. I touched Marrero and he was up on his elbow in a moment, rubbing his eyes.

"*Ben Trovato!*" he cried out, "and here we are," and with that he called for a lantern and pinned the fish skin to the hatches with the point of his dagger that the wind might not sweep it away and fell to studying it, glancing anon over his shoulder at the long, low coast line. Presently he stood up and pointed out Padre Bay to the captain, and, within less than a half hour, we were riding snugly at anchor and Marrero and I were putting off for shore in the skiff.

Now at this point must begin the recital of those things that happened to us on Half Moon Island and in the waters thereabout, and, partly because this story is already long, partly because a man naturally tells in a hurried, bewildered kind of way such strange, pell-mell things as there occurred, I am going to bring this tale to an end in as few words as possible, at the same time holding nothing back, but telling it all just as it occurred, reserving only the point at which the treasure went into the sea, and that only because Marrero has an idea of regaining it some time when that she-devil, Wayadi, shall have died and the evil spell she put upon it passed away.

CHAPTER II

THE moon being high and clear, so that one might almost have read by its light, we refrained from lighting the lantern while we tramped along shore looking for the mahogany log. Marrero led the way with a spade over his shoulder and I followed close on his heels with another spade and a canvas bag of giant powder. The breeze blew in fairly from the open so that the beach was clear of pests save for a few sand flies, and we plodded along merrily enough, stumbling over the matted roots of the marsh plants, Marrero in high spirits singing a stave of that jolly old song he loved so well:

*When I was a pirate in the Carib Sea
All the little Caribs were a-loving me,
I'd sit on the shore down in Ramatilla Bay,
And I'd hug 'em all and kiss 'em till we sailed
away—
When I was a pirate in the Carib Sea.*

All the time he sang, a million creatures, far and near, kept up a weird orchestral accompaniment to his words, Marrero, in his whimsical way, adapting himself to the cadence which they compelled, and stopping to laugh, with the naive delight of a child, when the gurgling bass of some old alligator came in with peculiar appropriateness.

"Excepting for steel clinking or pistols popping or the ripping of sails, there's the music for me," exclaimed Marrero, waving his hand over the vague, gray island where all those slim, sly creatures were raising their elfin voices, and then all of a sudden stepped on a snake, which I could see gliding shining-black away from him and, following it with his spade uplifted, fell headlong into a clump of mangroves. I lit the lantern hastily and followed him, thinking he had been bitten, but when I came up with him there he was sitting on a log, laughing, his pocket knife out.

"Hold the lantern up," he said and scratched at the log with the blade, and then, the next moment, looked up at me with his face all radiant. "Here's the log," said he, with the tereda tracings upon it or I'm much mistaken, and it's a much easier find than I had thought. Fairly in the bight of the bay," and with that he fell to beating the bushes away with his spade on the seaward side while I did the same with the thinner growth on my side.

By the light of the lantern we compared the fish-skin tracing with the marks on the log, and there they were just as they had been a half century before, excepting that the log had shifted slightly, probably from the forcing of roots under it, and there were some things in view that were not down on the drawing made by Gambio's Portuguese ship's boy.

With the aid of a compass, we paced off twice the length of the log northeast from the average shore line at that point, figuring that the waves had doubtless brought the log in that way, and then, in a very business-like manner, set to digging a little beyond that point, at a distance of six feet apart, opposite each other, calculating on working a trench down toward the log till we found what we were looking for. It is extraordinary what a spur to the energies digging for treasure is. We worked like stokers, singing and laughing, but we came to with a dismayed stare at each other when we struck compacted rotten shells something more than a foot beneath the surface. "Giant powder," said Marrero laconically and when I brought it up, "Give me a lift with this root," said he, and we tugged away at a root which had wormed its way down through the shells in search of fresh water, until it came out with a sudden break, and we fell, laughing and perspiring, on top of each other.

We poured powder into the place where the root had been, rammed it home with a cane reed, put in fuse and wadding of earth and then, having lit it, ran away down the beach to await the explosion. Presently there was a burst of fire and smoke and a tremendous detonation and we ran back to see the result of our effort. Looking out to sea as we ran

along the beach, I saw a light flare up in the schooner's cabin, and forms moving round on deck, and then I fancied I heard a far splash which I laid to some frightened tar. When we came up to the place, there was the earth all torn up and a yawning chasm in the ground, and a great solid mass of shell like a hewn rock for building, thrown up in the shadow of the mahogany log. We went through the rent with our lanterns, examining the sides and bottom closely, and looking at the debris thrown round on all sides but we could find nothing.

"We must find another root and try again," said Marrero and went to looking for one, when my eyes fell on something glinting sharply in the moonlight, and I called to him to bring over the lantern. The thing proved to be a little sliver of decayed wood with a brass brad stuck into it. Marrero leaped for joy.

"No accident about that," he exclaimed. "Old Gambio's chest is lying somewhere in or about this very hole we've just blasted," and, like bloodhounds, we began running 'round and through the treasure with our noses close to the ground. A half hour of this brought us nothing. We stopped and looked at each other. "That rotten oak with the brad in it came from somewhere," I said, looking at him doubtfully. "This is not one of your jokes, Marrero?"

"Jokes!" he exclaimed, slapping at the mosquitoes which by this had descended upon us in clouds, "Is this a time for joking? Come on! We can at all events blast away some of these mosquitoes", and he made for the place where I had set down the powder bag.

At this juncture an idea hit me like a knife. It was strange neither of us had thought of it before.

"Marrero," I called out cheerily, "We're a brace of dunces. If there's any treasure chest, at all, it's in that block of shells there thrown up near the log, doubtless on the under side with a corner protruding where this splinter was whipped off by the jar."

"Why of course it is," replied Marrero, running back. "Come over with it."

We tugged at the great block in vain.

"To think of a safety vault out here in the salt marshes!" laughed Marrero. "Well, open she goes with Johnny Spitfire!" and, finding a kind of fissure in the block, we loaded in our powder, set the fuse and again ran down the beach. As we ran off, I looked back over my shoulder, as a man will, and I saw the bushes waving on the other side of the hole, and knew very well that there was either some large animal or a man running away from the impending explosion. I mentioned it to Marrero as we ran and told him of the splash I had heard off the schooner after the first explosion, and gave it as my opinion that some member of the crew had swum ashore and was watching us from cover. At that Marrero who had been quiet and gentle and self-contained so far, fell into one of his savage moods which I knew bode ill for anyone who should be caught spying upon us.

As soon as the explosion had passed we ran back. The block had been shivered into fragments, and, there, in the midst of it all, broken wide open and with all of one side gone, as a great treasure chest that a strong man might hardly carry, with all manner of coins and ingots pouring out of it. We sat down on the ground in the midst of the smoke

with the lantern throwing its yellow light upon the treasure, and swept it up into our hands without saying a word as children have been seen to play with sand.

Now, though I do not believe in witches and spells and those other weird things that so many people have gone mad over, I hold that there was some evil fate attaching to that treasure from the start, for this bloody thing I shall tell of happened before a man might have counted two hundred after we had found the treasure. We were wrapt in astonishment and admiration of what we had found, as I have said, and Marrero, trying one of the coins to see what manner of gold it might be, was scratching it with his dagger and just telling me it was soft yellow gold from Chili, when I saw a faint moon shadow fall under his arm and looking up beheld the Sicilian, Spagnolo, crouching dagger in hand, his face all lit up with the hideous lust of treasure.

"Behind you, quick!" I whispered hoarsely to Marrero, and it was marvelous how quickly he understood.

He fell forward on his face, pulled his legs up after him, and in a flash was on his feet and had turned and driven his dagger to the hilt in the Sicilian's shoulder. The man went down like a log with his own weapon still held aloft and the maniac look stamped on his face like a plaster cast. I believe he died immediately. I hope so, for the man was mad and irresponsible and Marrero had killed him as any one would a mad dog.

"Well poor fellow, I'm sorry; but it was his own fault and I couldn't help it," said Marrero, and walked down to the white sand at the edge of the water and stuck the dagger blade down into it to clean off the blood, and then with the dead man lying there under the moon, we lifted up the broken old treasure chest and carried it down to the skiff which we brought up, and then too, the coin and ingots in our hats and hands and carried the pieces down to the skiff and threw them in like so much common luggage. I can make no estimate of how much we may have left scattered round in the sear in the ground and tramped into the muck, but it must have been a good sum, though neither of us has ever had the disposition to go back and look it up, with the memory of that wild, white face lying there among the mangroves staring up at the moon.

With the treasure in the skiff's nose, and the dead man stiffening across the stern, we rowed back to the "Salvador Russo." There was a black spot growing down in the west as we rowed out and the water as calm and white as a pail of milk. Beyond the schooner, on the headland of a little sand island in the far distance, we saw the glare of a bonfire thrown up against the sky and a lone figure crossing and recrossing in front of it. On the schooner itself all was quiet. The crew was evidently fast asleep, and the single white light swung from the topping-lift glimmered feebly on the men wrapped in their blankets. It was a curious cargo to be bringing aboard a licensed and registered schooner in the dead of night not a hundred miles from a great city.

As we drew near the schooner, the chug-chug of the oars awoke the captain and he came heartily aft and stood under the light, awaiting us and jovially answered our hail.

"He'll pipe to another tune when he sees that," remarked Marrero nodding over the oars at the ghastly thing in the stern, "And

speaking of piping, there's a nasty gale coming out of the west," and just then a puff of wind caught the schooner and threw her round like a teetotum, crashing us into the stern.

Marrero who was nearest the bow had shipped his oars on the instant and was on his feet clutching the schooner's rail.

"Get your men up, quick!" he called out to the captain in that sharp, commanding tone he knew so well, "And get these things aboard," and at that, as a cloud flew by the moon, the captain caught sight of what was in the stern sheets and drew back.

"No time for melodrama," cried out Marrero throwing up the painter. "Up with this and we'll explain afterward. There's the first bad blow of the season coming on, and with that anchor of yours on this shell bottom, you'll be driven ashore before you can get a jib; up and round the point. Cheerily now!" And at that the captain, with a pale, puzzled face kicked his men up, and the corpse and bursted treasure chest were taken aboard amid a bewildered and excited Sicilian chatter.

The wind by this time was already shrieking and howling about us, the waves bursting into white, and, as we flew past the island under a single jib, we could see the grass lying flat to the east in terror. And still on that little island off our quarter I could see the growing flames of the bonfire whipped far out over the maddened water and a tall solitary form standing on the white sand like a ghost.

Marrero and I together carried the chest and its loosened contents back to the cabin, and then, when all was snug, went forward where the captain stood looking out over the sea, and confronted him. One of the crew, the Austrian, Maloviteh, was amidships, crawling about on his hands and knees. Marandino, the Sicilian, was at the helm.

"You'd better throw that overboard," said Marrero to the captain, pointing at the body of Spagnolo lying in the lee of the cabin, "It's no good aboard here and it's bad luck to have those things about in a gale."

The captain indicated curtly enough that no body would leave his vessel in fair weather or foul until his mind was satisfied as to the manner in which it came to its death.

"Very well," answered Marrero with equal curtiness, "as you please. This is no time for explanations," and his words were justified by a terrific clap of thunder mingled with crackling sulphurous shafts of lightning. In the midst of this, the schooner veered and hesitated, careering this way and that with full or flapping jib, and finally set off for shore like a mad thing. And, as I peered through the inky night, I saw that we were rushing down as if drawn by some mysterious influence, toward that sandy headland where the flames flew out over the sea, and the lone white form stood in the blinding rain and lightning.

For one moment, the moon peeped out, and in that second I saw the two sailors crawling upon the deck, their mouths filled with the

moldy coins dropped from the treasure chest, their hands clutching convulsively at shadows and realities. They must have both got their hands on some piece of the cursed stuff at the same moment, for I heard muffled oaths and protests through the gold stuffed into their mouths, and the next moment they were on their feet with knives drawn, and, as a blinding flash of lightning came, I heard those unforgivable words which no Sicilian will tolerate, burst from the lips of the Austrian.

"*Coenuto!*" he shrieked in a horrible, rolling, frenzied way and I knew thereafter they were fighting to the death. Nothing reached me but heavy sudden breathings as of men driving axes into wood, but I knew that every breath meant the blow of a dagger. After that, in the fury of the gale I could guess nothing of how the affair had terminated.

Meanwhile, Marrero and I, holding on to chests and ropes and rail, the captain had staggered to the tiller and thrown it down hard just as we were running onto the island. The schooner scraped the shallows off the point and rounded out into the open, not a moment too soon, the scud from the surf beating into our faces like whips.

Now the strangest part of this nightmare voyage I hold to have been this which follows. I say it as a chronicler, though you may take it or leave it as you will. As we ground off the shallows, the flames of the bonfire, which had been so flat on the beach as to give no light, flew up of a sudden with a flaw in the wind, and in that moment I saw the Voodoo negress, Wayadi, running down the point of the island into the surf, holding something in her hand which I took to have been a charm. No man knows what power these savage witches have, but, as I sit here writing, with no other purpose than that of putting these strange things down of record in my clumsy way, I assert that for two hours, through the wildest gale I have ever seen in those waters, we rounded and rounded that little island, always seeing that fire throwing its red banners out over the sea, and that pallid form standing there knee deep in the surf, staring out at us, with those white, cannibal teeth gleaming in the light.

Marrero is one of the most rational men I have ever known, but as we careered round and round that island in ever narrowing circles, the uncanniness of the thing, to say nothing of the positive if inexplicable danger that menaced us grew upon him and I could see in his face, whenever it showed in the lightning flashes, the growing of a purpose.

"Hendry," he said to me as we were tossed about, "You'll not say I'm superstitious?"

"No," I answered briefly, not understanding his drift.

"And you've never seen me give in to high or low?"

"No, Marrero," I said again, "we've been up and down in close places but I have not known you to give in."

"Never to a Guinea negress of a witch?"

"Never, Marrero," I said, smiling despite myself at the curious mingling of challenge and appeal in his voice.

"Well, then," he said, coming closer to me and pointing out toward the headland, "I give in for once! I don't buck against the supernatural, Hendry, and this is a bad gale, and if we ground on this side of the island, as we likely will when we do, there's little chance of our getting ashore with the wind setting as it does."

"Yes," I said, waiting.

"Well then, I give up because I won't fight devils or sea monsters or anything I don't understand."

"Yes," I said again, knowing very well what was coming.

"Over with the treasure! There's a curse on it!"

"Done!" I cried and we staggered to the cabin and brought the ponderous, bursting chest with its moldy treasure to the deck.

The captain saw us as we came up and guessed our purpose. He left the tiller like one bewitched, his eyes following the chest, and I saw stealing into his face that same mad look that had been upon the other three men who had gone to their deaths. As we lifted the box over the side he came close up to us and hissed in our ears: "What are you going to do?"

"This!" cried Marrero to him, and "Heave!" to me, and down through the black night and into the unseeable waters went the treasure chest of Half Moon Island.

The captain sprang forward. With the madness on him he was leaping after the chest into the hungry, blind sea.

"No!" cried Marrero, "Too many have gone after it already," and with that he braced himself against the tiller, throwing the schooner's nose out to sea, and dealt the captain a blow that sent him sheer and bumping down the steps of the companion-way into the cabin.

At that moment the point of the little island came into view on our starboard quarter and I saw the driving flames of the fire falling lower and lower and the lone white form of Wayadi, the Voodoo, wading into shore with her garments flying about her until she looked like some wicked winged monster of the sea.

Wayadi still lives in the rain-stained hut among the tangle of wild figs, but to this day neither Marrero nor I have been able to learn how she came to Grass Island that stormy night, nor what manner of spell she lay upon the "Salvador Russo" that it might only be broken by throwing back into the sea the wicked, blood-stained treasure.

Be Strong!

Be strong!

We are not here to play—to dream, to drift. We have hard work to do and loads to lift. Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong, How hard the battle goes, the day how long; Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame? And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Reviewing the "Ethics of the Rabbis"

An Impressive New Book by Rabbi Cohon, Hebrew Professor, that reveals the Original Source of many ancient proverbs of the Jewish People used in Modern Times

IT IS not often that a textbook becomes popular and proves of interest to those outside the schoolroom. Rabbi Beryl D. Cohon, assistant pastor of Temple Israel, Boston, and superintendent in charge of the Hebrew schools, has printed a volume entitled "Ethics of the Rabbis." It imparts the vivid truth of Pirke Abot to his young charges. It contains a photographic reproduction of the Hebrew text with illuminating comment. Chapters are devoted to the lives of Hillel, Johanan, Joshua ben Hanania Akiba, and Judah ha-Nasi, each having a biographic touch that is very interesting. There are many interesting tales from the Talmud interwoven. The source of one of the ancient proverbs is retold in the story of Honi, who exclaimed when returning after seventy years' absence, finding his friends and companions gone, "Either a companion or death."

Rabbi Beryl Cohon was born in Perth Amboy, N. J., and graduated from a high school in Chicago, received A.B. degree from the University of Chicago, Rabbi of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, pastorate cover Pensacola, Fla., for two years; Cumberland, Md., for three years; he came to his work with Temple Israel in Boston fully prepared, and has recently been appointed lecturer in Jewish subjects at the Boston University. His wife, Mrs. Cohon, is a graduate of Hunter College, and a former teacher in New York City high schools.

Rabbi Cohon is the author of "Introduction to Judaism", published in 1929, which proved one of the best sellers among Jewish religious text books for the past few years.

In his latest book, "Ethics of the Rabbis," the author aimed to meet the requirements of Jewish schools and study groups, but the book will be read with profit by anyone interested in the ethical aspiration of Israel. The Talmudic tractate upon which the book is based is one of the most popular classics in Jewish tradition. It has been read in synagogues and homes in every land on the face of the earth for the past two thousand years, and perhaps more. Some of the sayings in this collection precede the birth of Jesus; some were said by contemporaries of Jesus, and form a background to an understanding of the New Testament teaching.

Besides the ethical pronouncement quoted and elucidated with further statements from later Jewish masters, the book gives the biographies of five Jewish masters, all of them contemporaries of Jesus.

The foreword is written by the distinguished Rabbi Levi of Temple Israel, Boston. In his introduction the author deals

with a modern appreciation of the science of ethics.

Ethics is the science of right conduct. It means acting justly, doing what is right. You walk down the street and find a purse with money in it. What shall you do? Shall you report it to the police and let them find the owner, because it does not belong to you, or may you say, "finding is keeping?" You purchase something at the store and the store-



Rabbi Beryl D. Cohon

keeper gives you more change than is due you. May you keep it, or must you inform him of his mistake and return the extra money? You are a lawyer and you know that a certain client of yours has been guilty of criminal misconduct. Shall you turn him over to the officers of justice, or must you hide the truth and act as if he were innocent? What are the ethics of this situation and why?

You sign a contract with some one to ship him certain material, let us say a car-load of coal. The man who entered into this agreement with you depended on receiving the coal at a certain time; he had promised to deliver the coal in small lots to many customers. The time comes for you to make your shipment and you find that you cannot do it. You do not have the coal, let us say. The miners had declared a strike, or a mine had collapsed and the prices had gone up so high that you could not profitably buy it and fulfill your contract. May you fail your written agreement? May your customer fail his customer because you had failed him? Suppose that you had not signed any agreements; you had simply made a verbal agreement. Would that affect the ethics of the case?

You deposit money in a bank. One day you find that the bank had failed. You go to your banker and say you want your money back.

When you deposited it, you did it with the understanding that you might withdraw it any time you pleased. The banker says he is very sorry but your money is gone, and he, the banker, could not help it. He might give you several reasons. Some of the very large depositors had failed the bank; the bank had invested very heavily in some country and then came a revolution and the bank lost all its investments. Your money was part of that investment. The banker could not possibly foresee a revolution or a drought or a general slump in business, and he certainly could not stop it. Is it ethical on his part to answer that way? Is it ethical for you to press your claim for your funds?

These are problems in ethics, for ethics has to do with our conduct towards other people. And we live constantly in some sort of relationship to many people. We could not possibly live a completely independent existence very long. Can you imagine a boy forming a football team with himself the only player? Or, can you imagine a man doing business without dealing with other people? Ben Zoma, a talmudic sage, wisely said: "How many varieties of labor must Adam have performed before he could eat a piece of bread! He must have sowed, reaped, bound sheaves, threshed, sifted, ground, kneaded, and baked. If he wanted a garment, he must have sheared, washed, fulled, spun and woven. I find all these things done for me when I wake up in the morning." We work with and for each other. Our lives are inter-dependent. We must know, therefore, what is right and what is wrong. Many good and intelligent people differ honestly as to what is and what is not ethical. One employer will say that it is ethical for him to dismiss from his service some old man because he is too old to work efficiently, though he had worked in the factory many years; another employer will argue that it is not right to accept many years of efficient service and to dismiss him when he is too old to work, and too old to find employment elsewhere. Who is right? What makes one right and the other wrong?

These are questions in ethics. How shall we answer them? What is there that will help us decide upon the right answers? We can not answer any of these questions and the many, many more that present themselves day after day as we go about our daily business on the basis of our own personal opinions. Our own opinions may be unjust, no matter how sincerely held. We must find some standard by which to judge our answers right or wrong.

As we go on reading the ethical statements of the rabbis, we shall find certain tests as to what is right and what is wrong. There are two large facts to consider before we may pronounce anything right or wrong. The first of these is one's conscience. The second large fact to be considered is that it must satisfy the best interests of the community.

Rabbi Cohon's book, "Ethics of the Rabbis", answers hundreds of vital questions of ethics such as these. It's a Chapple publication.

Romance of "Heart Throbs" Books

Intriguing is the Story of the Book which 52,000 People Helped to Build—In a Fascinating Article Joe Mitchell Chapple Explains how "Heart Throbs" Happened to be Published

By GEORGE L. KEEFE

The pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows; but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey.

HERE is perhaps no other contemporary book ever been published that holds the unique position that "Heart Throbs" does in the field of literature. To be as popular among the literary-minded people of America as it is among those to whom books have little of interest is indeed unusual. But this is true of "Heart Throbs," and it can claim more readers of both types of people than any other book in the world with perhaps the single exception of the Bible. It is one of those rare works than remain popular after thirty years of constant selling and it bids fair to continue its popularity unabated for many years to come. It has entered thousands upon thousands of American homes and has become a permanent fixture in the libraries and schools of our great cities.

With all its popularity it still remains to a great degree unknown to many people. "Heart Throbs" is a brain-child of Joe Mitchell Chapple, who is editor of the *National Magazine* and *Reader's Rapid Review*. It is a collection of the more favorite poems, jingles, jokes and anecdotes of the American people, and, in truth, more than fifty thousand people have had a part in bringing about its publication. In it are all the well-known or partly known scraps of literature with which most of us are more or less familiar. There are hundreds of humorous stories and true anecdotes, and, in fact, it is the greatest book of its kind that has ever been published.

The question comes to mind: How did Mr. Chapple happen to conceive the idea of compiling such an anthology? Well, we will have to take a trip back through the years to 1898, the year when Mrs. Chapple, mother of Joe Mitchell Chapple, passed on. But let Mr. Chapple tell it himself as he told it in a special article to *The American Magazine*:

* * * * *

"When Mother was buried on the hillside, she left a precious heritage to the four sons who bore her to her grave. She had requested that, as we laid her to rest, we sing the old and simple hymns that meant so much to her. And this was what we did.

As we returned to the lonely house, the little room in which she had passed her last

days seemed radiant with a shining remembrance. We had visions of building a monument—but we realized that no shaft of marble or bronze tablet could ever express our own memories.

While reverently examining the things



"Mother", by M. L. Blumenthal, as it appeared on the cover of the first edition of "Heart Throbs"

she had left behind, we found her old scrapbook, containing her favorite poems, some yellow with age, others marked with tears. Many of them had been taught us at her knee. As we turned the pages, the four of us looked at one another with a common thought: "This—this is Mother's monument." It was decided then and there to perpetuate our heritage, Mother's scrapbook, by putting it into type with our own hands.

We were all printers. With infinite care, we made ready to set up and send out copies as a memorial to her friends and relatives.

While the few hundred copies of the edition of binding at the University in Boston, requests for employees, expressing told them that public distribution; but the wonder if it would not be made us enlarge our plans.

In the summer of 1900 — after my mother's death—I was talking with President McKinley, at his home in Canton, Ohio. In the course of our talk I had shown him a copy of my mother's scrapbook. He placed

his finger upon the page containing Cardinal Newman's lines "Lead, Kindly Light." Tears glistened in his eyes as he turned to Mrs. McKinley sitting near by, and then looked at the pictures of their children "loved long since, and lost awhile," hanging on the wall.

"What a wonderful thing in life — our heart memories!" Then he added: "Why don't you ask others to help you by sending in their favorite poems? You can add these to the collection in your mother's scrapbook, as a sort of chart indicating the trend of real sentiment of the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us."

I thought of following his suggestion, but the tragedy at Buffalo, McKinley's assassination, interfered with my plans.

Three years later, however, I made bold to advertise quite extensively in magazines and newspapers, stating that I would give ten thousand dollars in prizes for "heart throbs." I explained that I meant by "heart throbs" the bits of sentiment which folks remember in spite of themselves. I appealed for those bits of verse or prose that were ingrained in their very souls.

Responses began to come in. The letters were somewhat timid, but it was astounding to find such an outflow of sentiment, sweet and wholesome, from the people from all over the country. They sent in old clippings, yellow with age. Sometimes there came a treasured scrapbook in which one selection was chosen. Some of the verse was taken from between the leaves of the family Bible, or out of an old drawer which had not been opened in years.

Attics were explored for old school books, to find the selection committed to memory and spoken on some eventful Friday afternoon. The accompanying letters were the real "signals of sentiment." They told of this bit of verse repeated at Mother's funeral, and others hallowed by the sacred memories of childhood's first realization of death.

Month by month I hammered away at the advertisements calling for "heart throbs."

One of the first to respond to the appeal in 1904 was Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote on White House stationery an unequivocal declaration that Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was his favorite poem. Later I inquired of him whether it was the words or the song that had touched his heart. With his eyes snapping, he asserted, "My boy, what greater vision has ever been put on paper than 'Mine eyes have

seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,' or that wonderful closing stanza beginning 'In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea;?'

Letters continued to come in from farmers, brokers, school children, youths in the



The First
"Heart Throbs"

colleges, working men, housewives, clerks, until it seemed the interest in heart sentiment completed the circle of all human stations. Night after night I sat up, with these letters and contributions scattered in little piles on the floor all over the house. The dining-room table was out of commission as a distributor of food for several months.

I soon noticed that there was an astonishing unanimity in the choices of the young and the old. Verses that Grandmother seemed to love and cherish were also the favorites of the little misses in their teens.

A marked difference was evident in the contributions sent in from different sections of the country. The South inclined to the old classics and lyrics; the Mid-West to American authors like Riley and Fields, while New England and the East favored their own native poets, including the galaxy of New England bards. The South showed a preference for Poe and Saxe. The Pacific Coast was keen in sending the verse of Bret Hart and Joaquin Miller, and short, terse paragraphs by John Muir.

Poets and literary men of national fame who heard of my "garden of heart throbs" dropped in to look upon this treasure of human sentiment. Among the guests was the late Sam Walter Foss. When he saw the pile containing the letters from those who had sent in "The House by the Side of the Road," he sat down and wept in sheer happiness, as he read the tributes to his verse. As the author of "Let me live in a house by the side of the road" got up to leave, he said: "This is glory indeed!"

Not long after the voice of the singer of these lines became silent, but the sentiment of his words will go marching on.

Himself a poet, John Hay pronounced Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" his favorite and it was not long after that his hope of seeing his "Pilot face to face" was fulfilled.

When Adolph Ochs came to New York he had one ideal in his mind—to print a paper that would have all the news that's fit to print. In the midst of the busy days of his editorial career, he stopped long enough to write out for me his favorite quotation from "Othello":

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

From her bungalow at Short Beach, Connecticut, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in answer to my query as to her favorite poem, copied out and sent in the words of John Hay's "The Stirrup Cup."

A simple little note upon which was scribbled Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness" with the modest signature of H. C. L., was the contribution of the late Henry Cabot Lodge, received from his home in Nahant, Massachusetts.

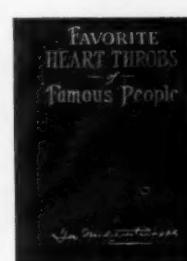
Victor Herbert, the famous conductor, and composer, made his selection from one of the poems of his uncle, Samuel Lover, the Irish poet. It was the stanza beginning:

A baby was sleeping
Its mother was weeping

and ending with the refrain

For I know that the angels
Are whispering with thee.

He wrote this poem, "The Angel's Whisper," in full from memory, seated at the same desk where he scored the music of his masterpieces. I shall never forget the picture of how he looked as he handed me the lines which some day would be preserved in a great song.



The Second "Heart Throbs" and "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People"

Hundreds of other famous people sent in their favorite scraps of literature: William Jennings Bryan, Dr. Frank Gunnsaulus, General Nelson A. Miles, J. Pierpont Morgan.

On a scrap of yellow copy paper I received a response from the late Elbert Hubbard. He had written out the epitaph which Mark Twain had placed on the tomb of his wife, as his heart throb:

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart,
Good night, good night.

Heart Throbs?

Yes, every one—and such they will remain while human hearts beat! For all of us, basically, actually, are creatures of sentiment, procreated in love and reared in parental affection."

* * * * *

And that is the way in which "Heart Throbs" came to be published. Within a short time after it had appeared thousands of copies had been sold, and after thirty years of popularity there are now more than a million homes with copies of "Heart Throbs" on the sitting room tables. When E. M. Statler had completed the last of his famous hotels, he bought thousands of copies to be placed in the rooms of all the hosteries in his great chain, for, as he said, the old scrap book as "Heart Throbs" is often called, is one of those books which brighten up the lonesome hours of travelers in a strange city.

In 1911, at the insistent demand of fans, Mr. Chapple brought forth his second book called "More Heart Throbs," which completed a two-volume set of choice bits of literature. Later, he published "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People," which was a book contributed to by the most famous people of the twentieth century. In this book Theodore Roosevelt, Zona Gale, Herbert Hoover, S. Parkes Cadman, and many other great personages have revealed their sacred memories—the little scraps of literature that have remained in their minds when all else is forgotten. After many years of popularity Grosset & Dunlap, New York publishers, took over the sale of the "Heart Throb" books, and since then the books have gone into many more homes of people who love good literature.

If you haven't read "Heart Throbs", then beg, borrow, buy or steal a copy of it and read it. It is the scrapbook that one would spend a lifetime collecting. It is the book that will continue to live when all others are forgotten, for you cannot kill that constantly recurring thought, jingle, or emotional poem that arises in your mind—that heart throb which has become a part of your life.



The Home of the "Heart Throbs" Books

Practical Functions of the Morris Plan

Tributes paid by High Officials in Washington at the Annual Convention to the Organization that Carries a Plan in its Name and Carries it out in Practical and Helpful Purposes that have already aided Millions of People

THESE are the days of intensive planning by groups and individuals throughout the country. No one is immune. Bankers have taken their places beside business men, professional men, educators and others to bring order out of confusion.

One organization long ago justified the use of the word "Plan" in its title and record of success. It is *The Morris Plan of Industrial Banking*.

Bankers from these institutions in 32 states and 140 cities recently met in Washington in their 13th Annual Convention. Reports of their work in the field of credit and investment were published far and wide. Commendation came not only from financial leaders, but from such eminent government officials as the Honorable William Nuckles Doak, Secretary of Labor; Arthur A. Ballantine, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Assistant Commissioner Hodgson of the District of Columbia and many others. These men, in addressing the delegates set their endorsement upon this form of industrial banking. They called it an integral part of America's economic structure and paid tribute to the fact that no Morris Plan Bank has failed in these difficult times.

The Convention was called to order by J. Rodney Ball, President of The Morris Plan Bankers Association, who struck the keynote of the three day session when he said:

"The goal of our ambition should be to forever raise the level of Industrial Banking as exemplified by The Morris Plan that the highest point of safety for the investor, and service for the borrower may be reached."

Mr. Ball, who is typical of the high type of American men who establish the policies and regulate the activities of these Banks and Companies, was born in Lawrence, Mass. He began his business career in newspaper work on the Lawrence Sunday American and the Lawrence Sunday Sun. He also served as correspondent for various outside news and trade papers until 1906 when he joined the staff of the Boston Record. He entered government service when he became the Assistant Postmaster in Lawrence in 1906. There he remained until he was elected as the Treasurer of The Lawrence

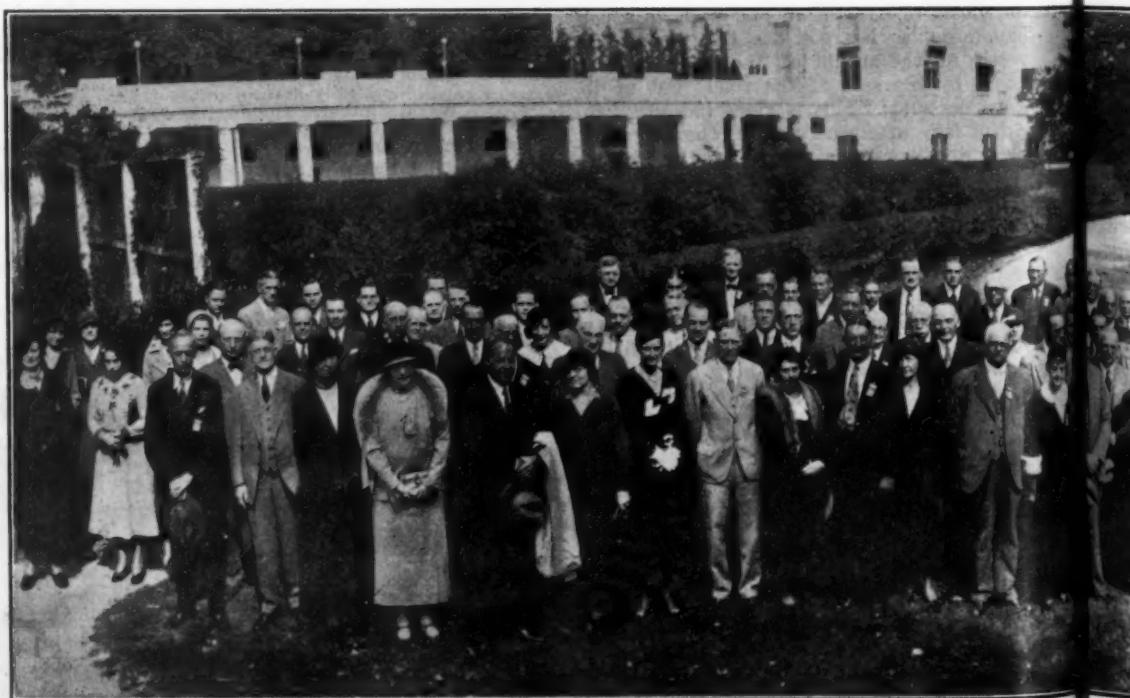
Morris Plan Company in February, 1917. He has been active in many fields—finance, club work and in politics. He has been a member of the Morris Plan Bankers Association since its inception and has participated in every Convention. In 1924 Mr. Ball was elected a member of the Board of Governors of the Association. In 1925 he



Hon. William N. Doak
U. S. Secretary of Labor



Arthur A. Ballantine
U. S. Under Secretary of Treasury



Morris Plan Bankers and Their Wives Called on P

was further honored by election to the Executive Committee. Four years later he became 1st Vice President of the Association and President in 1930. At the close of



J. Rodney Ball
President of The Morris Plan Bankers Assoc.

the recent Convention in Washington he was re-elected to a third term—an outstanding honor in Morris Plan circles.

Mr. Ball is Past President of the Lawrence Rotary Club and of the Y. M. C. A. In addition to serving as a Director of his own company, he is a Director of the Bay State National Bank; the Lawrence Cooperative Bank; and Trustee of the Essex Savings Bank. He has also served as Clerk of the local Community Chest. Mr. Ball's foremost activity in politics was as a delegate from the 7th Massachusetts District to the Republican National Convention in Kansas City in 1928.

One of the outstanding addresses was made by the Honorable Arthur A. Ballantine, Under Secretary of the Treasury. He said in part:

Every banker knows that the economic life of the nation depends upon the maintenance and flow of credit. Curtailment of credit has been a cause as well as an effect of the curtailment of business and employment. It is part of the vicious circle only now being broken.

The foundation of all credit is the credit of the Federal Government. In the unprecedented depression the credit of the Government has been subjected to severe strain. That strain has been endured and in spite of every shock the credit of the United States remains unimpaired. How the finances of the Government have been handled in these times is a story of great interest. It can only be sketched here.

As the depression not only continued but intensified, revenues of the Government, derived largely from the income tax, were cut almost by half, while because of emergency needs Government expenditures mounted. Inevitably, this double effect of the depression threw the budget out of balance.

It was necessary for those charged with the responsibility for the national finances to strive for the regaining of a balanced budget. At the assembling of Congress last December the President declared:

"The first requirement of confidence and of economic recovery is financial stability of the United States Government."

The meeting of that requirement was pushed with unflagging determination.

The struggle for a balanced budget necessitated also a heavy increase in Federal taxes. The Secretary of the Treasury in his annual message to Congress last December stated:

"It is not easy for any people to determine to assume a large additional tax burden at a time when their resources are depleted through business depression, but in the long run they will best serve their own interests by doing whatever is required to maintain

the finances of their Government on a sound basis."

In this period of trial you have seen the credit and strength of the Federal Government maintained and applied to the preservation of the general economic life. The preservation of that power demands constant watchfulness and often sacrifice on the part of the individual citizen. That power, widely utilized, has carried us to firmer ground and nearer to the time of full recovery of normal financial and economic processes.

Another Morris Plan leader is Mr. Walter W. Head, President of The Morris Plan Corporation of America, and a Past President of The American Bankers' Association. In addition he has at various times been President of several large national banks of the mid-west. Mr. Head is also President of the Boy Scouts of America; American member of the International Boy



Wallace D. McLean
New York Morris Plan



President Hoover at the White House, During their 1932 Convention

Scout Committee; Treasurer; Chairman of the Finance Committee; and member of the General Board of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A.; Chairman of National Boys' Week Committee of Rotary International; Trustee of Hastings Nebraska College and Grinnell Iowa College; Director of United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore; Director and Member of the Finance Committee of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Co.; Director of C. St. P., M. & O. Railway Company; and an active participant in many additional civic and fraternal organizations.

He said:

"The greatest results of accomplishment and achievement have come through unity of thought, unity in our action, and unity of purpose. The success of Morris Plan is dependent upon our willingness, our desire, and our ability to cooperate with each other to weld together into one great outstanding system of industrial banking the component parts which now make up the Morris Plan of Industrial Banking."

The Annual Banquet is the outstanding social event of each Morris Plan Convention. This year many Washington guests, as well as the delegates and their wives, were in attendance and listened to the Honorable William Nuckles Doak, Secretary of Labor, who made a brilliant analysis of conditions at the present time. He said:

I am gratified at this opportunity to address the Annual Convention of the Morris Plan Bankers. The fact that no single Morris Plan Bank has failed during these difficult days is worthy of mention. Your notable business expansion is in itself a testimonial far more convincing than any compliment however sincere, I might endeavor to pay you. It would not be difficult for me—as one who until recently was unacquainted with the magnitude of your facilities and services—to marvel at your growth in the past 22 years, to remark upon your 160 odd banking institutions, the millions of individual loans you have made, the total of two billions of dollars of credit you have extended to the workers of the country.

As a public official charged with the administration of many regulatory laws, I say to you that however rigid and enlightened may be the public supervision imposed upon you, there will always remain large opportunities for self-regulation, for the establishment of progressive standards of business conduct, for the formulation of forward-looking policies which are socially responsive to the times. It is my understanding that you have not been remiss in accepting this responsibility.

As an official of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen for many years, I became reasonably familiar with the basic principles on which this great institution was founded by Arthur Morris. If I may state them in my own way, I would say that first Mr. Morris was impressed with the devastating economic and social toll exacted by loan sharks. He then reached the conclusion that the banking business should comprehend a class of loans which could have as their prime security the character and earning power of the borrower.

He moved on to the conviction that it was practicable to extend such loans at a profitable rate and over a period which would match the income, or capacity to repay, of the borrower. Finally, he laid down the principle that money so borrowed should be used for some constructively useful purpose.

The mechanism of the original Morris Plan Bank of Norfolk has been necessarily modified

as additional units of your organization have moved out into other states and encountered varying operating conditions. But these original principles have been preserved. And in their preservation has been the real strength of your organization throughout the years, and through the financially perilous days through which we have been passing.

The Morris Plan Bankers' Organization, dependent as it is for its own stabilized operation upon the regularity and certainty of earned income, has a vital interest in this problem of stabilized employment. The stoppage of such earned income places your business peculiarly on the defensive, whereas other forms of business may find a way out in new products, new markets, and sometimes a different business approach.

It is necessary for me to count those engaged in Morris Plan banking among the more enlightened business elements which comprise the defense against a wholesale reduction of American wage standards. That some readjustment may be necessary is not denied. But the purchasing power of the American worker must be maintained on as high a level as our economic system will support.

With you, reduced earning power means reduced borrowing power. With the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, reduced earning power means curtailed purchasing power, reduced consumption, a business retreat all along the line—a surrender of hard-won standards of life and comfort, education, and social integrity.

I need not remind you that the first move made by the Federal Government to meet the exigencies of the depression was directed at maintaining wages. This resistance against the reduction of worker-income has been consistently sustained, and it has won the generous support of some of the great figures in the business world.

This country of ours is unaccustomed to adversity. It has never suffered an experience which would tend to give it a balanced and comprehending view of the present situation. We have, therefore, been less deeply troubled in past adversities than we have been irritated and impatient, and people in that frame of mind seldom penetrate very deeply into any situation. They see clearly the obvious; they overlook the more grievous trouble which has been escaped. They see the small defeats; they miss the larger victories wherein fundamental principles have been saved.

I know of no group of Americans who are closer to the real "feel" of the people throughout the country than those gathered here in this room. Your business throws you into intimate contact with the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and the failures of a large percentage of the people who comprise the very backbone of the country.

I hold with the founders of the Morris Plan system that private credits should be keyed upon earning capacity, and that they should be self-liquidating within the shortest period consistent with the reasonable convenience of the borrower.

Mr. Arthur J. Morris, founder of The Morris Plan in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1910, president of The Morris Plan Company of New York and an active participant in every phase of Morris Plan development, received a great ovation at the banquet when he addressed the delegates who have been associated with him through many years of Morris Plan service. Mr. Morris delivered a message of encouragement and inspiration.

Among other speakers during the Convention session who may be mentioned in

passing were: Thomas Boushall, president; and Philip W. Woolcott, senior vice president of The Morris Plan Bank of Virginia; Robert O. Bonnell, president, Morris Plan Bank of Baltimore; Ralph W. Pitman, president, The Morris Plan Company of Philadelphia; Howard E. Gladding, Secretary, The Morris Plan Company of Rhode Island; Howard B. Jackson and Ralph H. Riddleberger, vice presidents of The Morris Plan Company of New York; Arthur A. Blumeyer, President of the Industrial Savings Trust Company of St. Louis, and many others.

The General Chairman for the meeting was Bertram Chesterman, president of The Morris Plan Bank of Washington, and the Program Chairman, Wallace D. McLean, Executive Vice President of The Morris Plan Company of New York.

Mr. McLean is one of the foremost authorities on Industrial Banking and executive head of the largest company of its kind in the country. He has led a life of intense activity and accomplishment. He was born in New Hampshire of Scotch parentage, and his early education was in the public and private schools of Washington, D. C. Here also, he prepared for Princeton University from which he graduated in 1896.

Upon graduation from Princeton, Mr. McLean entered Columbian University, now George Washington University at Washington, D. C., where he received his L.L.B. degree.

Soon followed a period of close association with government activities during which Mr. McLean served under Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He was assigned to duties in connection with the Spanish American War Loan.

Most of Mr. McLean's law practice, after his admittance to the bar in 1900, was confined to corporation law. He was also admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. McLean's interest in the practice of law continued until 1913.

During this period he was identified with many national affairs. One honor came to him when he was appointed Chairman of the Intercollegiate Committee of Inaugural Ceremonies at the inauguration of President McKinley. He has known closely four presidents. Much of his time has been spent in patriotic work, he having been Secretary of the District of Columbia Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. Mr. McLean was active in the organization of the University Club of Washington, D. C., serving for years on its Board of Governors.

In 1913 Mr. McLean came to the United States Express Company as Assistant to the President. Here he remained until 1915 when an opportunity to enter the new field of industrial banking was afforded him. His early service in the Morris Plan was as Manager of the New York Company. Later he became the Executive Vice President, which position he now occupies. He has been a member of the Board of Governors and of the Executive Committee of The Morris Plan Bankers' Association at various periods.

During the Convention it was his honor to present the President to the visitors and delegates.

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by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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The
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for

BUSY FOLK

Ed Wynn Favors a Fun Period in Schools

"The Fire Chief" of the Radio and "The Perfect Fool" of the Stage has extinguished many hours of Gloom—His Reservoir of Eighty Thousand Jokes always provides "Something New" in the Way of Fun

By CARLETON HARPER

A DISMAL, gloomy, rainy afternoon was Friday. Appearances on the radio in New York necessitated his absence from Boston, hence a matinee on the sixth day of the week to meet the demands of the Boston legions to see Ed Wynn in "The Laugh Parade." It proved a veritable sensation among the sad-faced Hubites. Hungry to see this famous purveyor of fun, who had won a fireman's helmet without even smoking embers of a fire, the Yankees were spending their savings at the box office to see a real laugh parade.

Years ago Ed Wynn had called himself "The Perfect Fool," for professional purposes, and what is more, had proved it. Monologues and cheering chatter, inimitable mimicry and a wholesome personality have won for him a favored place in the theatrical spotlight.

Although born in the City of Brotherly Love, he does not take on much of the aspect of the native sons of Philadelphia. Attending the Central High School, he early acquired the habit of acting out his jokes and suffered for his ambition, for the teacher punished him—with smiles instead of tears dancing in her eyes.

"The Laugh Parade" suggests the rush to a fire. While other theatres are dark, people fairly galloped to the bright lights at Shubert's announcing of the presence of Ed Wynn within.

In the lobby before the curtain, the "Fire Chief" meets and mingles, unknown to many, getting that common touch and inspiration from the people that is reflected in every performance, for he is an individualistic individual.

Curtain rises with Ed Wynn in silk hat nestling on the bushy rim of hair. The starting place is "himself," with much of the dignity, but much more of the humor that George Bernard Shaw announces his own prefaces, or the traditional prologue used in Grecian drama. Fun begins at the scratch.

The parade proceeds with the ever-alluring Punch and Judy act, a Wynnesque interpretation, and the show goes on, a combination of first, Ed Wynn himself, a comic opera, vaudeville, and music revue in all the splendor of the glorious Wynnesque girls suggesting Ziegfeld at his best. Acrobats that a royal hippodrome might envy, dancers, music that charms and tingles the toes—just one swirl of a seven-ring circus focused in the "pictures" on the stage. The gamut is run from the torch song to grand opera, with processions and pageants that outdo the minstrel show in the heyday of its glory. Comes the finale all too soon, and "the parade" ends as it begins with Ed

Wynn telling a story. And the audience seems to gather around him as he sits on the floor, and listens in with that same intentness with which he holds his myriad of admirers on the radio.

I had an interesting few minutes when I met him today with our distinguished editor and was allowed to peep behind the mask of the buffoon and see—the man. He is kindly, gracious, and seems rather surprised at all the fuss and furore he is causing. Twenty years ago he was a headliner in vaudeville, and wrote short witticisms for *Life* and other periodicals; by dint of hard work and systematic plugging he slowly made his way up the ladder of Fame. It takes as much energy, genius and study to be a great humorist, as it does to be a great musician or statesman. From vaudeville he went into musical comedy, supplying many of his own lines, and last year he emerged as author, actor and producer of the "Laugh Parade," one of the cleanest, funniest shows that hit Broadway—and stayed.

If Al Smith had won the presidential election four years ago, Ed Wynn would have been given the portfolio of "Secretary of Humor," and it would not have been merely an honorary title. Mr. Wynn has very definite theories on the subject.

"We should cultivate a sense of humor in life to better cope with its struggles," he says, "and a fifteen minute course in humor should be given in every school. If the child were talented he could bring his own laugh line to school every morning; if he were unimaginative or lacking in that great quality he might quote or cut from the daily papers until his brain was stimulated or jogged into a sense of comedy. What a tremendous impetus it would give Young America to go to school knowing that he would start each day with some hearty laughs before he plunged into the three r's, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic."

Ed Wynn has his own collection of over 80,000 jokes. Could you imagine telling him a "new one." Try it, and you'll find he had it listed years ago "in just a little different form," if he were truthful, and didn't merely laugh to be polite.

The joy of Ed Wynn's life is his sixteen-year-old son, Keenan Wynn. He was named after his grandfather, Frank Keenan, the Shakespearean actor, and he seems headed for the stage. Although he has inherited all his father's gift of foolery, his ambition is to be a great tragedian. At present the boy's hobby is motor-boating and he is the proud owner of one of the fastest boats on Long Island Sound.

In spite of playing three matinees a week

and going to New York every Tuesday for his radio broadcast, Mr. Wynn also commutes to New York Sundays to be with his family.

The following verses from Kipling's "Tommy Lad," that rugged, appealing poem that inspires a thrill and a tear, have been selected by Ed Wynn as his favorite poem:

Tommy Lad, Tommy Lad

*Though you're scarce a wee year old,
Yet you're long and you're strong,
And your head's a mass of gold,
And you've got a mighty will of your own.
You've got a kind of way
That will carry you along, I know,
When you face the world one day,
Tommy Lad.*

This rainy day performance was a supreme test. Chewing at the stub of a cigar, he said to me, "This is going to be a hard day." When his voice broke in his lines with that inimitable "So-o-o," the audience roared. I have seen him after the doctor had called to look after that precious throat, for the cracking of the voice is racking to the larynx. "The doctor gives me treatment, but I don't take much of his advice."

Ed Wynn long ago adopted Mark Twain's philosophy, "Laugh with yourself and others laugh with you; weep and you're a stranger." Humor is more or less an exaggeration that startles, but does not shpck or hurt.

I was thrilled when I heard the word, "heart throbs" in the lines of the Parade, for a "heart throb" of happiness and good cheer was Ed Wynn's show. He has gone through the rough and tumble conflicts and struggles of a theatrical career, but has managed to maintain his balance through all the ups and downs.

Versatility was again revealed when he stepped down from behind the footlights and played the piano accompaniment for the star, as well as when he made those quick changes in costume and gave impersonations with almost the swift changes of a magician.

Scarcely a performance is given that is not more or less different, for the lines sometimes vary as the inspiration comes to him. One of the most famous impromptu actors on the stage, his half-moon smile and those knowing eyes and facial expressions reveal the qualities of a composite actor and artist and superb entertainer. Ed Wynn would have been as eminent a tragedian as a comedian.

After all is said and done, it's the Ed Wynn that wins the favor of his audiences—seen and unseen—now counted by the millions.

What's Going on in Broadway Theatres

A glimpse of some of the New Plays heralded in the Electric Signs on Broadway as the 1933 Theatrical Season's Leading Attractions

By CARLETON HARPER

TOURING Broadway for new theatrical attractions in the season of 1933 suggests hunting for real gold in mountains of quartz. A brief review of the new plays presented in New York this season of the gray thirties, reveals that the good old legitimate stage is providing an attraction now and then that maintains the traditions of the art with which the fame of Shakespeare is still associated, even if not frequently honored in production.

* * * * *

"I Loved You Wednesday"

When authors, actors, directors and producers spend no end of honest effort and precious dollars to bring before the public a vehicle they all believe in—then lose their bet for want of a third act—it is indeed unfortunate. For the first two acts of "I Loved You Wednesday," breezes along gaily under the subtle direction of Worthington Minor, and then all action ceases. The errant husband who would dash off to Europe with his former mistress who has in the six year interim of their separation become a great ballerina, seems not to worry at all that they have only 50 minutes in which to catch the "Isle," and although he is in dinner clothes and apparently groomed for the evening he decides to shave and then starts a series of rushing on and off the stage in vest and trousers with lather over his face—a not very convincing lover nor interesting young man.

The mistress, as played by Frances Fuller, is a young siren of charm and delicacy, and Rose Hobart as the wife strikes a strong, vitally human note, especially in the dialogue with the dancer at the speakeasy bar. That by tricks and subterfuge she holds her husband, as the dancer goes to "Joe's" to meet the Java plantation owner, is of little interest.

Jane Seymour is capital as the lady osteopath — plus friend of many years — and Henry O'Neill, as the man from Java, was convincing. Crosby Gaige has set the piece extravagantly and on the whole it far excels most evenings in the theater.

* * * * *

"The Other One"

"The Other One" served one fine purpose—bringing that sterling actor, George Nash back into his own to give a strong authoritative performance. The story, one couldn't believe it. Helen Ford, if she wishes to deviate from musical comedy, should go no further afield than light comedy in the future.

* * * * *

"The Great Lover"

It was with infinite satisfaction that I watched Lou Tellegan's performance. In spite of the play being a bit antiquated in spots, it was at least a play, and the joy

of watching the intelligent work of a real artist, is a pleasure too seldom enjoyed in our theater or cinema today. Merit, the study and work of a life-time, are cast aside for youth and a pretty face. A case in point is that of one of our best American actors reduced to playing a bit in a movie with his nineteen-year-old whippersnapper daughter who was not featured, but starred in the picture with nothing more to her credit than a beautiful marcel wave. If the powers that be had condescended to feature her with her illustrious father she should have been grateful, but to over-ride, not only a genius, but one's own parent is painful to witness.

Perhaps our scurrying public is beginning to have a change of heart, and Mr. Tellegan's performance might stimulate the desire for a revival of great acting in our theater. How few actors know what to do with their hands, how many can walk across the stage, how few directors insist on enunciation and the quality of tone of the voice? In all these necessary mechanics of the theater Mr. Tellegan was well schooled by the "divine Sarah" as her young leading man, and was acclaimed by the critics and public of Paris just before the war.

Mr. Tellegan was ably supported by Madame Marguerite Sylva and Signor Ricciardi, the latter having the same role he played in the original company in 1915 with Leo Ditrichstein.

* * * * *

"Men Must Fight"

This play is founded upon a family divided within itself on the question of war. The argument—for that is what the whole entertainment chiefly consist of—is that war is a gruesome destructive business conceived and engineered by men whose age exempts them from fighting in the field, and is fought by young men who have no voice and no alternative but to leave their wives and sweethearts, and spill their blood on the field of battle. No one who has witnessed an armed conflict between nations needs to be told time and time again that the germs of war ought to be exterminated, any more than we need be told smallpox and infantile paralysis epidemics ought to be prevented. In this play, Janet Beecher, as the wife of Mr. Seward, our Secretary of State, found that when the country became embroiled in a war which threatened to drag her son Douglas Montgomery, into the conflict, her preachments against it in Madison Square Garden were about as futile as they would have been in quelling a tropical hurricane. She succeeded only in convincing her pacifist son that it was not his war and that he had no part in it; but his sweetheart being opposite-minded it be-

came a question of fighting or losing her. And so, figuring that life wasn't worth living without her, he finally makes up his mind to take a chance on going through with it, notwithstanding the stubborn opposition of his mother.

If our country had been as evenly divided as the Seward family was on the subject of war, there is little doubt that the enemy would have found us an easy prey; and when they came to ravage our commerce and our homes, it is worth while wondering what consideration they would have shown the pacifists to whom they owed their victory.

In the end, the best solution of the problem was furnished by the sturdy old grandmother, Alma Kruger, who, after surviving the rigors of five destructive wars, came to the conclusion that after all, men were only useful for breeding purposes and the "country ought to be run by women."

The play was tastefully presented and well cast by Joseph P. Bickerton, Jr., and the subject a vital one, that may again arise to confront and confound us.

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"Criminals at Large"

"Criminal at Large" inaugurates the mystery dramas this year. If the direction were not so meticulously perfect and the acting so fine, one would be more conscious of the looseness of the writing. The character of the family physician and only friend who is suddenly done to death in the bushes outside the front gate is never introduced to the audience—although he is of great prominence in the story and play. A scene at the blackboard in the inspector's office where he uses the story as a case in point in instructing student policemen, is boring and endless. Another scene that should be omitted is the one between Lady Lebnon and the man with the heraldic designs. With the rise of the curtain, names of foreign places and strange people are showered on the audience, but eventually one gleans that there were strange and direful happenings at St. Mark's Priory, the estate of the Lebnon's occupied by Lady Lebnon, her son Willie, the young Lord, and her niece Ilse. Before the doctor's death, the chauffeur had been found strangled. Ilse was in a state of nerves, and Willie had secretly rushed to London to seek help from Inspector Tanner of Scotland Yard.

In fairness to your shivers and goose flesh, no more of the plot should be disclosed; only be prepared for all the tricks and devices of the mystery thrillers to stunt your growth.

Alexandra Carlisle emerges from private life to play domineering Lady Lebnon and does a fine bit of acting, but very special honors go to Emelyn Williams as Willie.

The Love That Failed

A modern Romance that Suggests Leah and Rudolph—Revealing the Cycle of Youth's Unending Dreams

By STERNE E. WALLACE

META, what a charming painting!" The angular girl with the small eyes hidden behind thick lensed glasses peered closely at the portrait of a young man holding a violin under his left arm. "Who did you say did it? I see it's unsigned."

"My father," Meta lied glibly. She was beginning to believe the myth that she had built up.

"Your father? Oh, yes, I did hear it mentioned that he was an artist."

* * * * *

Meta herself was authority for this. No one need ever know that he had been head waiter at the Nibroc Club. Thank heaven he was safely dead. How she had suffered while he lived! How fearful she had been lest some day that tall, black figure could not be explained away as the janitor.

One day—it burned itself into her memory—she was dressing dolls with Rea Hoyt. Meta, even at the early age of eight, evinced a fancy for children with straight blonde hair and blue eyes, perhaps because her own hair was dark brown, almost black and with more than a slight tendency toward curling, which was strenuously discouraged, and her eyes a doe-like brown with startling yellow lights. Deeply engrossed in ripping off the lace from her petticoat to sew on Rea's doll's dress, she was startled to hear the stentorian voice of Thaddeus King:

"Meta, you disremembered to extinguish the illumination in the vestibule."

Meta ran into the doorway, dragging the frightened Rea after her.

"Who was that man, Meta?"

"My—my—the janitor."

She could not say "my father." Vaguely, she felt the stigma attached to one's father not being the same color as one's self.

Thaddeus understood. He was not well educated, but read voraciously, had a fine feeling for propriety, and stood in awe of this child of his, whose skin was a creamy white and who possessed her mother's finely chiseled features. That day the "painter" was born. It was Thaddeus' idea. Meta would some day cross the line—cross the line over which Meta's mother had stepped when she had married him. Mrs. King may have regretted her bargain, but never did she voice it. At thirty, what had been slenderness was angularity; what had been fine, blue eyes were dull and lifeless; what had been clear white skin was yellow and parched; what had been a firm chin and thin nose appeared pinched and sharp. When Meta was born her mother did not rejoice in her pinkness, but watched with apprehension for the pink skin to turn black. However, it remained white, and when her hair began to curl, Mrs. King

oiled it and brushed it flat. She dressed her with exquisite care, determined to discourage any tendency towards gaudiness. Even a bright ribbon was denied her.

* * * * *

Dorothy Lane had finished examining the portrait.

"By the by," she said nonchalantly, "there's a new girl at the library." She rushed on, not waiting for Meta to comment. "She says she knew you in Philadelphia."

"Philadelphia? Why, I haven't been there since—well, I remember vaguely having lived there once." Meta made a grimace.

"But I'm sure she's mistaken. I told her you couldn't be the Meta King she knew. Have you a brother?"

"M-m-m," Meta shook her head, unconsciously using the emphatic grunt which her father had always used for "No." "I had a brother who died before I was born."

"Then it can't be you," triumphantly. "The brother Miss Hoyt referred to is in an institution for the feeble minded in Philadelphia." Dorothy snapped her thin lips together and sat down. "Now, that's that. Rea Hoyt had better mind her tongue. She's a bit too confiding."

The name, Rea Hoyt, penetrated itself into Meta's consciousness. Her Nemesis had overtaken her. She steadied herself by clutching the easel bearing the picture of the violinist. *He* must not know. Knowing, would it matter? No, no, it couldn't. Why, he loved her. What difference did it make who her father had been? He had been kind and good. Even if his skin was black, George wouldn't care. She kept telling it to herself over and over again, trying to convince herself that love transcended externals.

"Meta! Are you ill? Let me get you some water." Dorothy looked helplessly around. Kindness itself, she did not know how to be kind.

"No, I'm all right. It's that beastly stack-room. I was looking for a book and the smell of the bindings gave me a headache that simply won't leave me."

Just how much did Dorothy know? How much did Rea know? How much did she embroider?

"Shall I go, Meta, or will you want me?"

"Oh, I'm quite all right, Dorothy. Thanks just the same," she added.

"You're sure? All right then, see you in the morning."

"Just a minute. Where is this Hoyt girl stopping? I—I'd like to call and say, 'Hello'."

Her attempt to make the question appear casual did not deceive Dorothy, who stepped

back into the room and shut the door.

Meta walked to the window and toyed with the curtain pull. Dorothy might as well know. What difference did it make? All these years of elaborate pretense—for—what? So that she might "cross the line." What line? Her father had crossed a line when he married her mother. Her mother had crossed a line when she married her father. What line was there for her to cross? To ally herself with her mother's people who accepted her only as long as they did not know her? To go over to her father's people who, misunderstood themselves, were hostile to her for being one of them, yet not of them?

Meta turned around slowly, "Well?"

Dorothy's eyes were riveted on the tips of her gloves. "So it's true? Meta, it's awkward, I know; but I want you to know that it doesn't make any difference to me. Why, one of my best friends at school was—was a Mulatto."

"Thanks," was all that Meta said. Those last few words told her that it *did* make a difference.

"I must be going, Meta."

Meta wheeled around. "Listen. Do you believe in God?"

Dorothy laughed nervously. "What a question to ask the granddaughter of a Presbyterian minister."

"Do you?" persisted Meta.

"Yes, of course."

"Is he responsible for my creation?"

"Yes, but—"

"Did the same God sponsor both of us?"

"Meta, is this a new catechism, or are you blaspheming?"

"I was never more in earnest. Then we are both His children?"

"Yes, yes. Meta, aren't you well?"

"Quite. Listen, Dorothy, have you ever been unhappy?"

"Yes, at times."

"And have you ever been ecstatically happy?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Well, if you could, would you? If you had the opportunity to take some happiness, would you hesitate?"

"I'm afraid happiness isn't to be had for the taking."

"But if it were, would you?"

"I think so."

"Even if it would mean perpetuating unhappiness? Perhaps it needn't mean that."

"Well—"

"I'm not going to tell George."

"Meta! Then I will."

Scornfully, "And you call yourself a Christian. Haven't I a heart that loves and aches to be loved? Haven't I a right to some measure of love?"

Continued on page 239

Affairs and Folks

A page of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

INDISPUTABLY her mountains are the magnet that attracts so many keen sportsmen to Switzerland. At Christmas time their wide surfaces of snow are ideal courses for winter sports. In summertime their towering summits send down a challenge to the ambitious athlete to prove his skill and his endurance by scaling their heights. If, as philosophers say, the overcoming of difficulties is one chief source of joy, it is no wonder that the heart of a successful climber glows with satisfaction, for he has surmounted alike difficulties and dangers.

For to climb is a glorious sport, but it is no mere pastime, and don't you forget it! There are no restaurants at the bottom of the crevasses as Tartarin fondly believed! Not long ago, a party returning from an ascent, caught the sound of a feeble cry, repeated at regular intervals. As this is a recognized S. O. S., they searched the glacier and found an Englishman stuck fast in a crevasse fifteen feet down. He had gone out for a stroll over the glacier by himself three days before! They got him home alive. Well, don't go alone on a glacier. Indeed for serious work it is well to have a party of three or four.

For many centuries the Alps were regarded with awe and not with delight. Hardy huntsmen or herdsmen would penetrate the forest-clad slopes; an occasional troop of soldiers or a party of pilgrims bound for Rome might, greatly daring cross a pass into Italy; but not till fifty years after Columbus had set foot on the sands of "the new world," did the first Swiss Konrad Gessner, climb the peaks of Pilatus. And it was three centuries later when the mighty rock of the Matterhorn was first mastered by the famous English climber, Edward Whymper, whose success terminated so tragically.

It was in 1863 that some sixty enthusiasts founded the Swiss Alpine Club. It has now a roll of 26,000 members, and jolly good work has it done. Thanks chiefly to its enterprise, there are now over a hundred Club Huts erected and maintained at salient points within the climbing districts. No less than 52,000 visits were paid to these huts by climbers in 1927. In addition the Club publishes maps, trains guides, arranges lectures, organizes tours for beginners as well as for experts. In these and other ways it has fostered and facilitated the sport, enhanced its pleasures and lessened its dangers.

Nevertheless, accidents are on the increase owing to the culpable and stupid foolhardiness of inexperienced visitors, who leave their office in the City one day, and

think they can tackle a mountain the next. They may be fine athletes, though probably not, but experience is not a quality born in the average tourist. And climbing is as much an art as other sports, and is more strenuous an exercise than boating. It needs training, self-discipline, endurance, and at least some acquaintance with the characteristics of rock and snow and ice. A man who wants to be a climber has his lessons to learn as in every other sport. Let him treat this art with respect, or trusting merely to his physical powers, he will come a cropper as many a self-confident tyro has done before.

Let the beginner, then, show his common sense. Let him spend, say a week, exploring among the delightful stretches of lake and forest and meadow land on the lower Alps. The air is superb up there, but one does not get acclimatized to the higher atmosphere in a night. There is no lack of peaks and precipices and glaciers, too, stiff enough to test his endurance and to afford trial of his equipment. He must know the proper handling of axe and rope and the climbing irons. It is no longer obligatory to engage the services of a guide, but the beginner obviously needs an expert companion and that is just what a guide is. To go off without a guide is often to court danger. Many a climb has been converted from a joy into a serious task by the collapse of an untrained or inexpert member of the party.

Naturally, a steady head and an absolutely sound heart and lungs are essential to attempting any such physical feat as mountain climbing. But what is not so generally appreciated is the importance of possessing good digestive organs, and of taking proper care of them. Indeed, their neglect is one of the commonest crimes among the inexperienced. A man will start off with little else than a supply of canned food, and he will have to eat at any odd time owing to the conditions of his climb. The natural consequence will almost certainly be sickness, diarrhoea, vomiting, lassitude, loss of energy and the like. Take, as far as possible, the sort of food the stomach is used to. Take bread and butter, cheese, fruit (dried or preserved), milk, chocolate, oatmeal, biscuits. Drink tea or coffee. Avoid alcohol and fresh meat. Such is the advice of those who speak from long experience. It will save the ambitious climber many painful hours, for goodby to any enjoyment if the stomach gets out of order.

Dangers there will always be as well as difficulties. There are those stones that here and there fall from somewhere high overhead with force to strike a man dead.

There is the "awful avalanche", that vast mass of snow loosened perchance by the vibrations from a ringing shout or a loud and reckless laugh, and swallowing up the victims in its path as it rushes madly down the mountain side. There is the dreaded fog or mist which steals around with sudden swiftness and shrouds the climber in a blank world. It takes an expert to read the weather indications, and he is not always infallible. What will a novice know? Therefore take advice. If the local wiseacre says, Do not venture today, then put off your start, and don't yield to any foolhardy self-confidence in yourself or in a companion.

For the man endowed with physical strength and a good nerve, who is a cheerful and reliable companion, who prepares beforehand with care, who heeds the advice of the guide whose life is bound with his own on the rope, for such a man the call of the mountains presents an attractive force he does well to welcome, and offers rewards that will never disappoint.

S. B. B. REVUE

INTERNATIONAL Golden Rule Week, December 11-18, comes midway between the feast of Thanksgiving, when we thank beneficent Providence for our abundant harvests, and the feasts of Christmas and New Year's when we proclaim joy to the world and good will to men.

Between these feasts those who are employed, who have an abundance of food, and who believe in the Golden Rule are asked to indulge in a rational, constructive fast and to share their substance with some of the millions who have neither harvests nor employment and for whom there can be no Christmas or New Year's joys except as we practice the Golden Rule.

In previous years Golden Rule Sunday was observed in the interests of orphans and underprivileged children of foreign lands. The observance is now extended to Golden Rule Week and directed for the benefit of underprivileged children of the unemployed in our own neighborhood or wherever the need seems greatest.

Gifts sent to The Golden Rule Foundation may be designated for any institution, agency, or type of work that may appeal most to the donor, and all such gifts will be forwarded in full as designated. If the gift is undesignated, it will be allocated by the Survey Committee where study reveals acute needs and strategic opportunities for application of the Golden Rule.

Successful Youth

*In an Hour of Despair Jim Decides that Woman's Love is not the Zenith of Man's Achievement—
The characters are true to life in this gripping tale of a youth's struggle for success*

By B. MINOR

JIM was one of those quaint little fools one sometimes hears about—a queer little man with a heart so big that he had room left in his intellect for only one idea at a time; and Jim's heart was filled quite full of his love for her, while his mind was filled with ambition. Way back in his childhood days—the days of stolen jam and fairy stories—Jim had had an ambition to be a "Pirate an' a sweet-tar dwiver an' a witch an' a devil an' a—an' a—drummer—." Oh, he always had an ambition! Afterward, when he grew older, and sat in school behind the gold-curled head of her—Susie—he had an ambition then, only the trouble was, his heart began to assert itself and interfered dreadfully with his boyish animal dreams. His ambition then was to cut off one of those curls and run; but his heart made him search all over the commons for empty bottles and sell them for enough to buy her a valentine, and while she sat and swung her feet and giggled at a neighbor girl, Jim just touched the tip of a hanging curl and brushed it against his lips—and then "laid" for the boy who had seen him, and grinned.

A few years more, and his ambition changed. He didn't care to be a "pirate an' a devil an' a drummer"—all specimens of a class—but he did want to be a valedictorian. His ambition was to succeed—to be the *best*. One day Susie had stood up and cleared her throat and brushed back her curls and read an essay on "Success."

"Who could love a man," she lisped, "with so little spirit that he cared not to succeed? What man that is a man goes not through life with head thrown back watching, snatching at, running after the blue and green and golden bubble of success? What boy, worthy of the name of boy, would not strive to stand in front and wear the laurels of his class?" An old-maid sister with an inner conviction of latent literary abilities had dictated it, every word, proud to show what she could write—but Jim?—well, it did the work for Jim. After that he gave up football, and frightened his mother into an unwonted gentleness of speech, thinking he might be ill, he studied so hard.

Susie tried, too. She wanted the laurels just for the fun of keeping some one else out of them. It was a battle royal. Never were there such perfectly prepared papers passed into that good teacher as on the last examination. On the morning of the last day ((the day for the test in mathematics—Jim's favorite subject), the teacher said to a group of pupils: "Well, so far, Jim's ahead, but to-day will tell the story."

"Who's second," asked some one.

"Oh, Susie, of course; just ten points behind Jim. But this is her worst subject. She just hates it."

Jim heard it all. He looked over at the

blackboard and out of the window, then his heart got to bothering him and he sighed once, shifted his eyes to the water-bucket, watched the sunlight gild the dust-flakes floating there; sighed again; took down his hat—and went fishing. Susie won the laurels.

Susie went to college. Jim went into business, for his family were—well, they were poor. Susie revelled in ideas and ideals, in fads and fancies and in "culture of the highest form," to quote from the boarding-school ads., while Jim revelled in soap, six bars for a quarter; sugar, six cents a pound; potatoes, twenty cents a peck, etcetera ad infinitum, ad nauseum; but at night when the door was locked and the cashier was balancing his books and Jim was arranging his stock, he would revel in dreams of gold-brown hair, and soft, sweet curls, brown eyes and—and—success! Then he'd go back to his sugar bin and fill his paper sack, and try to figure out how many years it would take to gain success, and what constituted success in the grocery line.

Four years later, when she came back, he called on her one night. She met him—one grand, glorious revelation of God's ideal of grace; beautiful beyond compare; clad in her gray silk waist that fitted so smoothly over the roundest, most bedimpled shoulders, and puffed out so witchingly in front, with its lace collar, and gray cloth skirt, set off by a big-buckled leather belt, and all crowned with a halo of soft, brown hair that waved in the lamplight in fluffy tendrils gleaming with tints like happy memories. Jim couldn't help it—he put up his hand and touched it, and then turned "red."

Lots happened that night; lots—although here were only two people to do it all. Jim was making sixty dollars a month (two people could board on that in his village) he had good prospects—constantly improving. He knew all that; knew it by heart; had been telling it to himself every evening as he walked around the block trying to break in his new patent leather shoes before he called on her. But she didn't know it—so he told her. There was something else he knew, and he told her that, but I can't tell you. There are some things each man knows that should be kept in the holy of holies of his heart, and shown only to the angel that rules therein. We wouldn't have known he had told it to her at all if she hadn't laughed—one of those unsympathetic, metallic, dry, harsh laughs that sends a chill down your spine. Long years afterward, in the little western hamlets, sitting up in the village hotel with the evidences of his last defeat spread about his feet, Jim would hear that laugh and the words that followed: "Oh you must succeed first. What have you done? What is life without success? Oh—" and he would grow hard and cold, and then he would see the soft, brown hair and the gray silk

waist and the lovely face, and his mood would change, and he would sigh and begin again.

He got back to his hall bedroom somehow that night and kicked off his shoes—they hurt dreadfully. Everything hurt. The chair hurt (he didn't think of his bed). The fire hurt his eyes, his brain hurt; and, Great God, how his heart hurt! He sat and figured and figured and figured. What constituted success? Surely, not sixty dollars a month; and it would be years before he could gain a partnership, and he could not afford to wait. Evidently, only money meant success, and with God's help he would succeed. He took a desperate resolve. Other men had made money quick—so would he. All the public asked was to be fooled, and he would do his best to fool it. The West was waiting for him.

Next day he gave notice to his employer, and three years afterward he wrote back from Fort Worth, Texas, to a fellow clerk the story of his journeying:

Fort Worth, Tex., June 21, 1896.

Dear Will:—

Surprised to hear from me, are you? Well, you shouldn't be. I do almost anything nowadays, and strangers have outgrown the habit of being surprised. It's been a long time since I've heard from you and—other Louisville people, and sitting up here in this hot little hell-hole of a bug-ridden hotel room, with the engines and the trains beneath my window filling the night with noise and smoke, a ceaseless irritating clatter, while the stars look down in an aggravating calmness and the lamp flickers in a lonesome draft. I hum to myself the old words of Milton looking for a friend:

*To whom I can my hopes and fears impart
And trust the cares and follies of my heart.*

The teacher at school used to tell me that my strongest feature was my imagination, so I shall take my stocking-feet out of the window where I have been hanging them, wading sleep, and I shall use all the wealth of that imagination dreaming that you care to hear.

You remember, no doubt, when I started out three years ago? Well, I came West with something of a hazy, half-certain intention of landing in some of the "raw new states," settling down and growing up with the country, and ending by being seated in the Senate or House of Congress. That was the sentiment of the move. That was the way I talked when my head was high in the air, but by the time I struck St. Louis and found I had been "touched" en route for all I possessed in this world save my memories and fifty cents (and I sometimes wished they had taken my memories too), the question lost all traces of sentiment and resolved itself into a problem of the utmost practicability, almost vulgar, of making that fifty cents feed me for a day and take me on my journey.

Say, Will, were you ever hungry? Did you ever realize how much there really was in a half-dollar—how much bread and sausage? I know. I know lots of things I never knew before; and something else I know is this—the awful mind-wearing length of three years, with only Hope for company and strangers, strangers everywhere. Three years mean one thousand and ninety-five nights—and every night like this; only the weather changes.

The fifty cents lasted me three days. Then I acted

as chamber maid in a livery stable for a week, and made five dollars. You know what a chamber maid is. Just think of one of those dainty, white-capped, pleasant-faced girls and you will know what I was not. There is absolutely no condition in the category of human discouragements analogous to the position of chamber maid in a livery stable. I can only suggest it to you by contrasts.

After I had earned my five, I noticed a boy on the street corner hawking pills. He interested me, particularly in the way he raked in the money, so I asked him to let me "bark" for him awhile. He did, and with a spirit born of the moment, I got up there and sold pills with such an easy, winning grace that he fell on my neck and worshipped me as his long-lost brother. We went into partnership and toured Missouri hill-towns, lead-mine towns, cross-road towns, all kinds of towns, as Quaker doctors, selling pills and hair-oil and soap. We coined money, and in those two months I cleared over \$500 for my share, above expenses.

One night in Carthage some miners took offense, and just to keep up with the procession I took to the woods while he took a passing freight train and the sheriff took our soap. After that I went down to Kansas, hired me a wagon, filled it full of lightning rods and started out. You can see the "trail of the serpent" in the distance yet. A thunder bolt hasn't landed in Kansas for two years now, and you can't even foreclose a mortgage without getting tangled up in some of my "plants."

I cleared \$1200 out of that deal, and ended up in Little Rock with the swamp-ague. Say, it has often struck me that it was a good thing the Master had only Pharisees instead of Americans to hear him tell the story of the Good Samaritan. Americans would not have understood him. Before you can appreciate the full value of this cynicism you will have to be alone and sick in Arkansas. That three months in that back-woods hotel caused me to shake off most of my flesh and about \$600 in cash. The only things the chill did not shake were my ambition and their prices.

Since then I have been knocking around these diggings getting a little more sick of the whole thing every day. Oh how I long for peace and quiet and rest. I ran across a copy of Omar Khayyam to-day that some drummer had left behind (though what a drummer would be doing with such a book I can not understand) and in it I read:

*A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and—thou,
Singing beside me in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise now.*

No wonder I'm hanging my stocking feet out of the window to-night, wondering which star hangs nearest Louisville and—the rest.

I have woed success in every seductive tone and soft spoken word in the vocabulary of desire. I have done everything from financing a minstrel show to branding cattle with a patent branding iron, and from teaching "oil-paintings in three lessons" to playing "hack" on a village newspaper; and to-day, heart-sick, tired and weary, with only \$3,000 to show for it all—with success dancing will-o'-the-wisp-like in the distance, in the borrowed beauty of a woman's face—laughing at me with a laugh that once I heard—I stretch out my arms and cry:

*Oh Love, couldst thou and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire
Wouldn't we break it to bits!—and the—*

Ah then—then what we do? Quien Sabe! I believe I'd go back to Louisville. Maybe I will some day. When I do I hope to have a better story to tell you.

Good-night, old boy. The last train has just pulled out, and it's gray in the east. Maybe I can go to sleep. Good-night.

Your friend, Jim.

A few months after that a haggard, white-faced cripple stumped down the Union station platform on his crutches, while the conductor answered a woman who had paused to make room for him and stood looking, with the single, all-meaning word—"Railroad-wreck," and Jim was back in the land of his fathers, with all his nervous energy bound fast by his crippled feet. With his ambition, if possible, stronger than before, with his heart burning slowly day by day he must hobble through

this life, or sit still, while success hovered just out of his reach, and leered in his patient face. There was not much for him to do, yet he could write, and he did. Reams—reams—reams!

The first place he hobbled was to Susie's old home, but a stranger told him that her father had died and with her mother she had moved into a smaller house, and taken a place in the business world. Jim almost stumbled down the steps. "Susie working! Great God! Susie—my Susie?" A sudden fancy seized him to see the place. He hunted it up and found it to be a great dirty factory in the slums of the town, and as he peeped into the door, that cold, starlit November night, and saw her strained, tired face bending over her typewriter, and watched her fingers fly, his heart ached and he prayed to God to let him help her in some way.

He knew this: success he had not—not even a definite income. His three thousand dollars were not a drop in the bucket, and unaided would last no time. To offer her money would be an insult, and to offer her himself would be a farce. He went to his room, praying all the way.

Two days afterward he got a check from one of the magazines for thirty dollars, for one of his stories, and as he sat and fingered that holy bit of paper (for to every man the first smile of success is holy) and tasted the first sweet morsel of gratified ambition, longing that she might taste it with him, he had a sudden inspiration. She worked. She had a typewriter. He needed help? Why should she not work for him? Here was a new field opened up. Thank Heaven for that! But wait—would she, Susie, work for him, Jim? No; he knew she would not. She'd trump up some excuse forbidding him helping her, and suffer alone for her pride's sake. No—that was settled—she never would. But wait—how would a disguise do? Sounded silly, didn't it? Still, he was crippled. That was part of a disguise. How would a pair of goggles and a vandyke beard help him? Let him try, anyway—and he did. Yes, that would do, very nicely, very nicely, if—if only—she had forgotten his voice.

He went home, dropping her a note, stating that he was in need of a stenographer and had been referred to her—"please call to-morrow." That night he spent, not in sleeping, but in hobbling before his little mirror, putting on and taking off his small disguises and practicing to change his voice. By four o'clock in the morning he had begun to perspire in the agony of his hope and his excitement.

She came. She opened the door suddenly—long before he was ready for her; long before he had thought of a word to say. Oh, if she had only let him know when she was coming. He seized a table leg to keep from running and clasping her hands. He held himself down and stared at her and swallowed hard while his goggles trembled.

Her clear, sweet voice spoke out, "Good-morning, sir. I received your note and came to see you."

He answered, "Yes," and looked out of the window and then at the floor.

She waited; then she began again, "What kind of work have you to do?"

"What kind? Oh—oh yes. Copying. Copying manuscript"—then his senses returned. "Where do you work now? What

machine do you use? What salary do you make?"

She told him, and sighing one of those tired, heart-weary sighs, added, "But the hours are very long." He looked at her again. Her hair was drooping over her pale, blue-pencilled temples. Her eyes were circled, and her hands were thin and bony and white—paper white—death white—he had to clutch the table leg again.

"I'll give you as much as you are making, on shorter hours, say from nine to four or five, if you will work for me. Later on I will give you more, (He longed to give her then all that he had) and your work will be simply copying manuscripts. I write some; that's all I can do; and some of it is published—but your salary will be secure and in advance if you desire it. Will you come?"

She sighed once, looked out at the telegraph wires, and then a sudden memory of the long, tired evenings surging over her, she said, "Yes, I'll come to-morrow." Then she was gone.

Jim simply collapsed, and when the janitor came in that evening to clean up the little office he had rented for the occasion he found him sprawled in his chair, with his bank-book in his hand and his goggles on the floor: wide-eyed, staring—to all the world asleep.

Talk about heroism! Do you know what Jim had before him for the next few months or years? Did you ever love a woman passionately, devotedly, with a love that burned and bruised itself, and did you ever have to sit for days at a time within two feet of her, and for her honor's sake and for her peace of mind, never look at or touch or speak to her—with nothing but your will and God to help you on? That's what Jim had to do—and he did it.

Jim wrote—ah such stories as he wrote! One of the broadest ear-marks of the amateur is the belief and the attempt to make "literature" mean something. They all seem to have an idea that literature is sacred. They get over it later; witness some of the "literature" that is published to-day! Yes, Jim was an amateur, and believed that his work, like a woman, should always show at its best, and how he struggled to make good plots! Only to find that "good plots" made only ordinary fires. Of course they came back—came back by the dozens, but each time the anguish was a little less acute; for, gentle reader, of all the disappointments in the world (the world apart from the hearts we love) there is nothing that gives quite the same wrench as a returned manuscript. But Jim's disappointment was in a measure overcome by his joy in working for her, and he only burned the stuff and wrote the more.

However, after the first three months went by without a cent coming in, and his balance smaller by \$200, Jim decided that something must be done, if only to pay for the postage and the rent. He could not use her money for that! And so he eudgeled his brain by night and hobbled the streets by day, seeking a means to the end. Somewhere he heard of "syndicate work," and it set him to thinking. Then he sat down and wrote to a New York newspaper syndicate in his most professional way, and enclosed them a specimen manuscript. Fortune favored him, and he found a market for some of his accumulated work. So he toiled on, day after day, beating his

Successful Youth

Continued from page

brain for some new materials for his pen, and keeping a small set of books for a business friend.

Once in a long time some magazine would take one of his better stories, and on those happy days when the checks came back, Jim's life was full.

So time sped on, till a year had passed, each month finding the balance in bank smaller grown; each month finding her healthier, stronger, happier, more beautiful than before.

One day, just after he had opened his morning mail and thanked the Muses for an offer he found there—an offer of thirty dollars for a character study in child-life, "comic vein, 2,000 words,"—Susie came to him and said with many a blush and stammering word, "Well—er—er, I suppose—I guess I'd better tell you. Ha, ha! You know I won't be with you after the 22d, and I—well—er—I suppose I'd better tell you now."

Jim looked up with parted lips and bated breath while the paper fluttered to the floor, and his knuckles rattled against the desk, "Wha—What's that? You won't—what's the matter?"

"Yes; ha, ha! you see, I'm going to be married on the first of the month and I'll have to—" He reeled, and then dropped down into a chair. His hand went mechanically to his forehead and then to his beard, his tongue moistened his lips, and his eyes stared before him at the open letter while the words laughed back with an ancient, mocking note. "Thirty dollars for a story in comic vein—thirty dollars!" He smacked his lips and then sat very still.

"What's the matter? Say, have I—Oh how you frightened me. Was it such a surprise as that? I didn't think it made any difference to you. You will have plenty of time to get another stenographer. I'll get you one."

Jim only answered "All right."

Only once that day he referred to it. He had been frowning hard and chewing his pen, numbering the children that he knew, hunting for one with a comic face—but all his children were crying. He turned to her and asked:

"What business is your fiancee in? May I ask?"

"Certainly. In the coal business."

"Do you think coal is more refined than groceries?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"May I ask what salary he makes?"

She was a little piqued at his comparison, and she snapped out "Sixty dollars!"

His pen dropped and his head went down between his hands. There was a wrenching of his shoulders—then he sat up, stretched out his crippled legs, looked at them, looked at her, took up his crutches and—laughed. Loud, long, bitter, mocking—the laugh he had listened to for five lonely, wasted years—and then stumbled out.

He did not write any stories for those two weeks. He didn't keep any books.

One day toward the end he got a letter from New York—a letter that he had prayed for, hoped for, longed for with all his heart and soul—a letter that meant to him all there could be of success. The largest magazine there had enclosed him a check for \$300 for a

serial story, and offered to take another when he wrote it. The epitome of success (as he knew it) was reached—and she was leaving him forever.

That night he did not go home. He paced the little office floor until he dropped from weariness; then he sat down before his desk and took out his bank-book and his letters and his hopes, and laid them all before him. This was the end. He would not live to see it finished. God forgive him!

He took off his goggles and his beard. She was gone, and he needed no disguise before his God. He would die as he had lived before it happened—simply Jim.

He laid them beside him and then took up the precious letter of success and fondled it. He fished out the first one with its first sweet note, like the gray dawn before a glorious day, and he read them over, and folded them up and wrote on them "For Susie." They told all his story that he cared to tell.

Outside a clock struck four, and a street-car rattled past. Inside the red electric lights burned in his face and hurt his eyes, teardimmed and burning. He was getting drowsy. Oh how good to die—just to go to sleep.

He looked at his pistol; held it sideways; pulled the hammer backward and dropped it lightly, testing the action.

He laid it down and took up his bank-book. There was the first check he had ever drawn for her, and here—here was the last. He wrote one for all the balance, and laid it on the letters, "for Susie."

He laid his head down on his arms amid the papers; the pistol gleamed cold in his nervous fingers, but at the moment his right hand touched his pen. Through his entire being there rang the call of years, "Success! Success!" He dropped the pistol; his eyes burned with new impulse.

"God!" he cried to the shadows of night, "There is more in life than a single woman. I'll be a man. It takes a man to live. Success! Success!"

The Love That Failed

Continued from page 235

"Meta, you are begging for trouble. Why don't you stay with your own people?"

"My people? Who are my people? I belong as much to you as to them. More to you. Does my heart ask whom it shall love? Oh, I know I sound selfish; but there is so little of life. It wouldn't really matter to George. Why drag him into this?" Meta was obsessed with only one thought. *Would it make any difference to George?*

One night, not quite a year ago, after George had finished amusing pleasure seekers at The Whitecap and Meta was off duty as a waitress—it was a week before Labor Day, after which she would begin her duties at the library — they had gone down the wooded path to the shore. Meta had gathered leaves and, putting them in her hair, declared she was a Hottentot princess.

"George, could you love a Hottentot princess?" she had cried gaily. And George had answered, "You being you, Meta, I'd love you if you were a plain Hottentot."

Would he? Ah, that summer was painted by a dream!

She took Dorothy's hand pleadingly. "You mustn't tell, Dorothy. You just can't."

However, she was reckoning without Rea. The buzzer scarcely ticked in answer to the doorbell when it seemed as though the picture had stepped out of the frame without the violin. The hatless, disheveled figure bowed awkwardly at Dorothy, as if to bow her out, but she, too glad of the opportunity to escape, needed no encouragement.

He stood near the door, twirling his hat in embarrassment. "Meta, I stopped at the library for you and found a Miss Hoyt taking your place for the evening."

"Yes." Meta's voice was toneless. She knew now what she had been trying to convince herself was not so.

"She, she—oh, hang, Meta, she—"

"She told you?"

He hung his head. "I suppose you think it strange, my discussing you with a stranger. She remembers you as a kid. She admired you a lot. She—er—a."

"Yes?"

"See here, Meta, can't you say anything but 'yes'?"

"Yes, George. What is it?"

"Well, you see. It's deucedly awkward, but—"

"I see. I release you."

He laughed, relieved, yet annoyed.

"Release me? Yes, of course. You knew it never could have been otherwise."

An embarrassed silence followed.

"You'll be happy with one of your own," he continued, pacing restlessly.

"My own, my own?" Meta laughed, and that laugh was the echo of the ghost of a laugh. She stifled a sob. Her mother's heavy tread sounded on the stairs. She wanted to turn on him and cry as Leah had cried to the faithless Rudolph, "This then was thy work? This the eternity of love you promised me?"

But she clenched her fists, fingers overlapping thumbs — a weak futile gesture. Another life was a potential wreck on the shoals of Love in the sea of Life.

How the English are Governed

Continued from page 220

with the aid of an expert on constitutional law, disputes on procedure. He does not even vote.

Such is a resume of the governmental systems of the British people. Parliament legislates only for England, Scotland and Wales, there being no "Home Rule" in these countries, but bills are sometimes brought in applying only to one of these countries according to circumstances. The House does not legislate for Canada or any other self-governing dominion, each having complete autonomy. It does, however, control to some extent the affairs of those parts of the Empire which are not deemed ripe for self-government; but there again, these colonies or dependencies have their own local legislative bodies. No part of the Empire is under obligation to contribute one cent toward the British army or navy, while secure in the knowledge that these services are at their command in case of need. Some do build a warship or two for local protection, and have their own militia, but not in any way do they pay financial tribute to the British exchequer. Indeed, some of them are a constant drain on the British treasury.



Tickleweed and Feathers



A jovial, rotund German was sitting with his son at a table in a beer garden. "Fader," said the latter, "how can von tell ven von is drunk?"

"Vell, mine sohn," replied the father, "you see dose two men over dere? Ven dose two men look like four, den ve are drunk."

"But, fader," said the boy, "dere is only von man over dere."

* * *

Guilty!

All the odds were against this tourist:

Auto Tourist—"I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I was to blame."

Local Officer—"You certainly were."

Autoist—"Why?"

Local Officer—"Because his father is mayor, his brother is chief of police and I go with his sister."

* * *

Ahead of Their Time

A modest Scotsman, in speaking of his family, said: "The Douglas family is a verra, verra auld Scotch family. The line rins awa' back into antiquity. We dinna ken hoo far back it rins, but it's a lang, lang way back, and the history of the Douglas family is recorded in five volumes. In about the middle of the third volume, in a marginal note, we read, 'Aboot this time the world was created.'"

* * *

The case is reported of a small boy who says his prayers in his sleep. We are reminded of the man who said Grace in his sleep, and his wife's name being Amelia.

Six-year-old Milton came home from church school with a mite box.

"Why do they call it a mite box, mother?" asked Milton.

"Because," chirped his brother, "you might put something in, and you might not."—*The Churchman*.

* * *

Little Nelly had just had her first dip. "How do you like it, dearie?" asked her mother.

Nelly glared at the sparkling sea. "I don't like it at all, mother," she replied coldly. "I sat on a wave and went through."

* * *

A youthful depositor of one of New York's large banks recently appeared at the teller's window with a slip to withdraw 25 cents, which he said was for a carfare home. It was explained to him that no transactions were made in amounts of less than one dollar. However, he had not a cent in his pocket, and necessity again was the mother of invention.

Returning to the window in a few minutes, he presented a slip to withdraw \$1.25, which of course was given to him. Thereupon he immediately redeposited \$1 of the withdrawal and proceeded on his way.

* * *

A six-weeks-old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence for some minutes by the city girl.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"

"Papa, what do you do all day long at the office?" asked the inquisitive young daughter.

"Oh, nothing," replied her father, deeply absorbed in the evening paper.

"Well, then," insisted the little girl, "how do you know when you are through?"

* * *

From a schoolboy's essay on the racehorse: "The racehorse is a noble animal used very cruelly by gentlemen. Races are very bad places. None but wicked people know anything about races. The last Derby was won by Mr. Morris' Manna, a beautiful bay colt by Phalaris, rising four. The odds was nine to one against him, and he won eight lengths. Good old Steve!"

* * *

A funny little man told me this: "I fell in a snowdrift in June," said he. "I went to a ball game out in the sea, I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree. I found some gum in a cup of tea. I stirred my milk with a big brass key. I opened the door on bended knee. I beg your pardon for this," said he. "But 'tis true when told as it ought to be. 'Tis a puzzle in punctuation, you see."

* * *

"I have spent nearly twenty thousand dollars on that girl's education," complained the aggrieved father, "and here she goes and marries a young feller with an income of only one thousand dollars a year."

"Well," said the friend of the family, "that's five per cent on your investment. What more can you expect in these times?"

Youth and Tomorrow

Continued from Page 219

dent Hoover, and was illustrated by an experience on a voyage to Alaska in uncharted seas, which was more pertinent than a discussion of political issues.

What is more charming than modulated and well-spoken words in conversation, whether over the telephone, radio, or private chat. Mrs. Patrick J. Campbell, the popular English actress of the gay nineties, has returned to America to lecture youth concerning slovenly speech. As the "Second Mrs. Tanguay" she won enduring fame behind the footlights and her experience serves her well in giving to the Youth of today a message that will add much to the comfort of human ears and peace of mind in years to come.

Not long ago Elihu Root gave me the following as his favorite poem. It was written by Sir Harry Wotton, a contemporary of Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost." It illustrates how the eternal verities in the

philosophy of life continue despite the clamor for change, as the revolt of youth continues generation after generation:

*How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!*

*Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.*

*This man is freed from servile bonds
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall
Lord of himself, though not of lands
And having nothing, yet hath all.*

With the mind of the American people absorbed in this presidential campaign, how important it seems to remember the rules of the game and bring into action that co-operation for whatever team represents your convictions. In all the turmoil of win-

ning votes, we are not going to forget that we belong to the same Alma Mater, represented in the citizenship of the United States of America. Unroll the scroll and we find Kipling's stirring lines describing the picture revealed to Youth and Age in every country and clime:

*When earth's last picture is painted, and
the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—
lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall
set us to work anew!*

*And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no
one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working, and each,
in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it, for the
God of Things as they are.*

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• • • Tickleweed and Feathers • • •

Johnny, when asked by his teacher to define "deficit," said: "A deficit is what you've got when you haven't as much as if you had just nothing."

"The cat was making an awful noise last night."

"Yes, ever since she ate the canary she thinks she can sing."

"Miss Krause is much older than I thought she was."

"Really?"

"Yes, I asked her if she had read Homer's *Odyssey*, and she said she read it as soon as it was published." — *The Intermediate Weekly*.

Coed—"You know I didn't accept Fred the first time he proposed."

Friend—"I guess you didn't; you weren't there." — *Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*.

As It Is

Visitor in county jail—"What terrible crime has this man committed?"

Warden—"He didn't commit any crime at all. He was going down the street a few days ago and saw one man shoot another, and he is held as a material witness."

Visitor—"And where is the man who committed the murder?"

Warden—"Oh, he's out on bail."

* * *

Decision Withheld

Friend—"Was your uncle's mind vigorous and sane up to the very last?"

Heir—"I don't know; the will won't be read until tomorrow."

* * *

You Win

Ump—"What's got 18 legs and catches flies?"

Ref—"A baseball team."

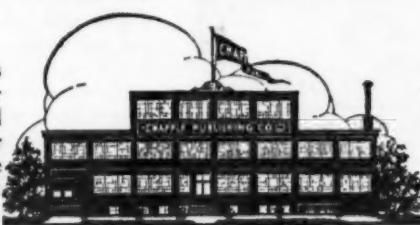
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Jazz

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"Yes, I heard you playing that way yesterday."

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of October 1932. William J. Tibert, Notary Public.
[seal] (My commission expires Dec. 17, 1937)

Honoring Name of Governor Bradford

Continued from page 216

hostess.

In this popular retreat, many prominent people of Boston find a delightful social center for dinner parties, summer and winter. It matters not what the weather may be, there is always an atmosphere of cosy comfort within the walls of the popular Governor Bradford, where the wayfaring traveler and the Boston people often meet.

Under the management of the United Hotels Company, who seem to have a happy faculty of establishing themselves in cities

around which cluster much of historic interest, it seemed a veritable climax when they announced control of the hotel named for Governor Bradford in cultured old Boston town.

The handsome hotel building, although completed only a few years, has been thoroughly refitted and furnished according to the best standards of the United Hotels systems.

Under the enthusiastic direction of Mr. L. W. Osterstock of the United Hotels staff who came on to Boston after his success in Syracuse and other leading hotels, the Bradford in New England is gaining the distinction of the queen hotel of the chain of this renowned group of United hostels.

The fame of the Hotel Bancroft at Worcester is a fitting remembrance of the great American historian. The manager of this hotel, Mr. R. L. Brown, is managing director and vice president of the Governor Bradford Hotel in Boston. His extensive hotel experience entitles Mr. Brown to being a real Sir Boniface, for he understands the infinite detail that has made and retained for New England managers a distinctive place in the hotel world.

Mr. Leonard, the resident manager, also has had extensive experience in New England, and was manager for many years of one of the leading clubs of New England. This may account for the feeling upon arrival at the Hotel Bradford that one is truly within the precincts of one's own club home. Mr. Leonard has made The Cascades a truly popular social center for the older as well as the younger sets in Boston.



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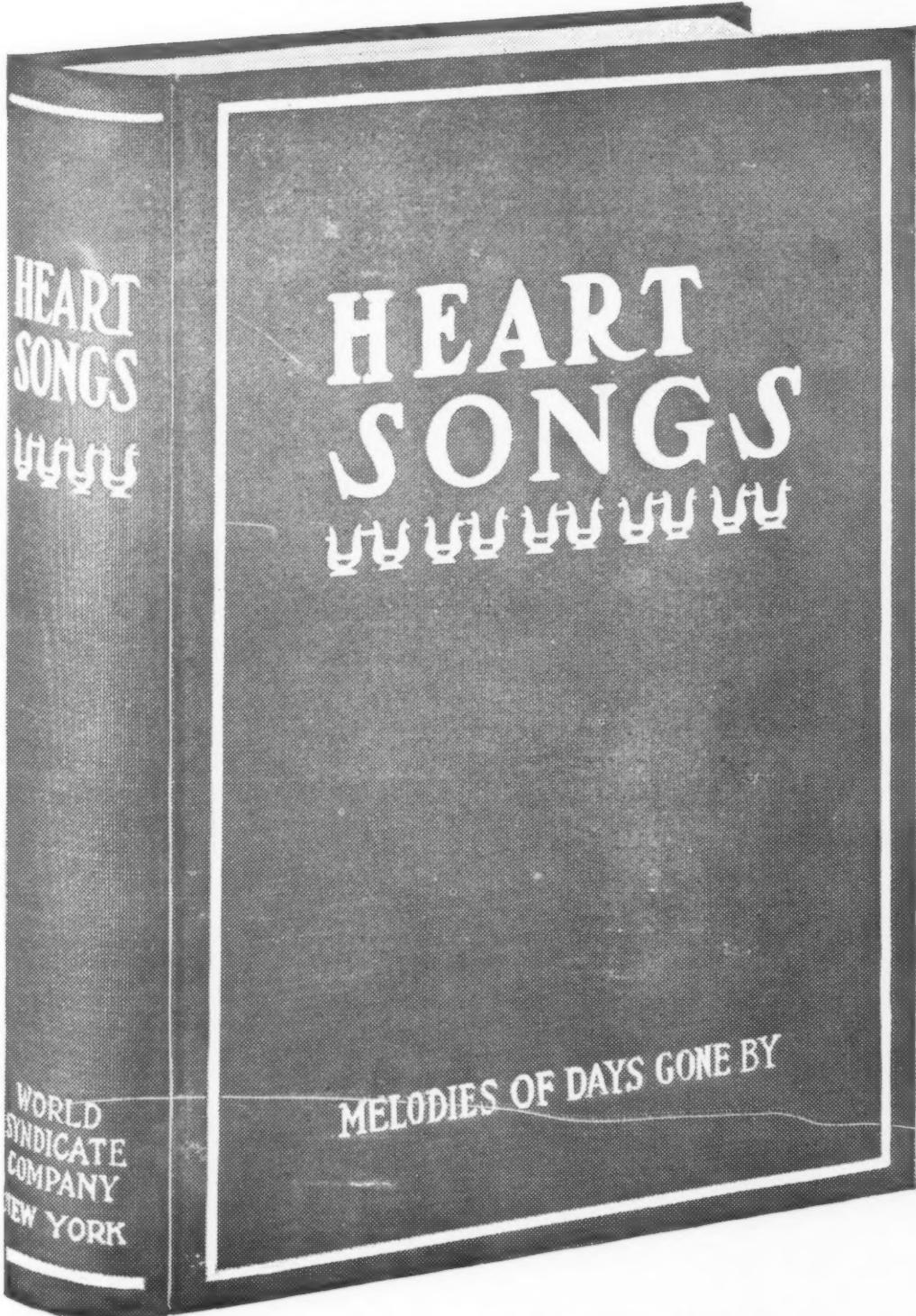
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